

FEBRUARY

NO. 21

10¢

CRACK COMICS



STARRING THE
BLACK CONDOR



SPITFIRE



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



THE SPIDER



NED BRANT



MOLLY^{THE} MODEL



DON Q





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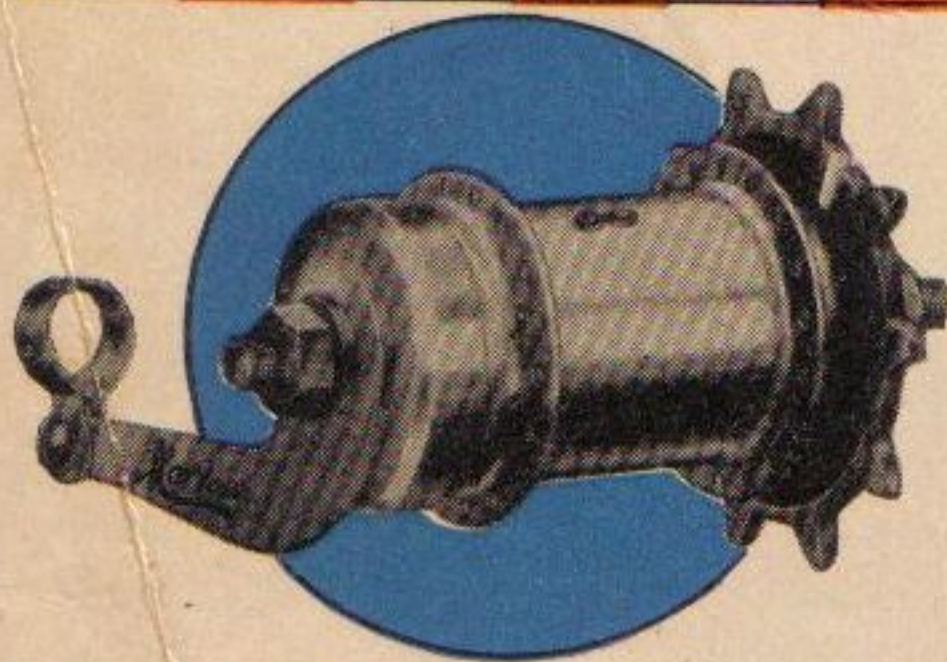
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THE Black CONDOR

by LOUIS K. FINE

ONE MAN PROVIDES A DOUBLE THREAT TO ALL TRAITORS, SPIES AND CRIMINALS... IN THE DUAL ROLE OF THE FLYING AVENGER AND SENATOR TOM WRIGHT IS THE BLACK CONDOR... DREADED FOE OF THE LAWLESS...

SOMEWHERE IN WASHINGTON...

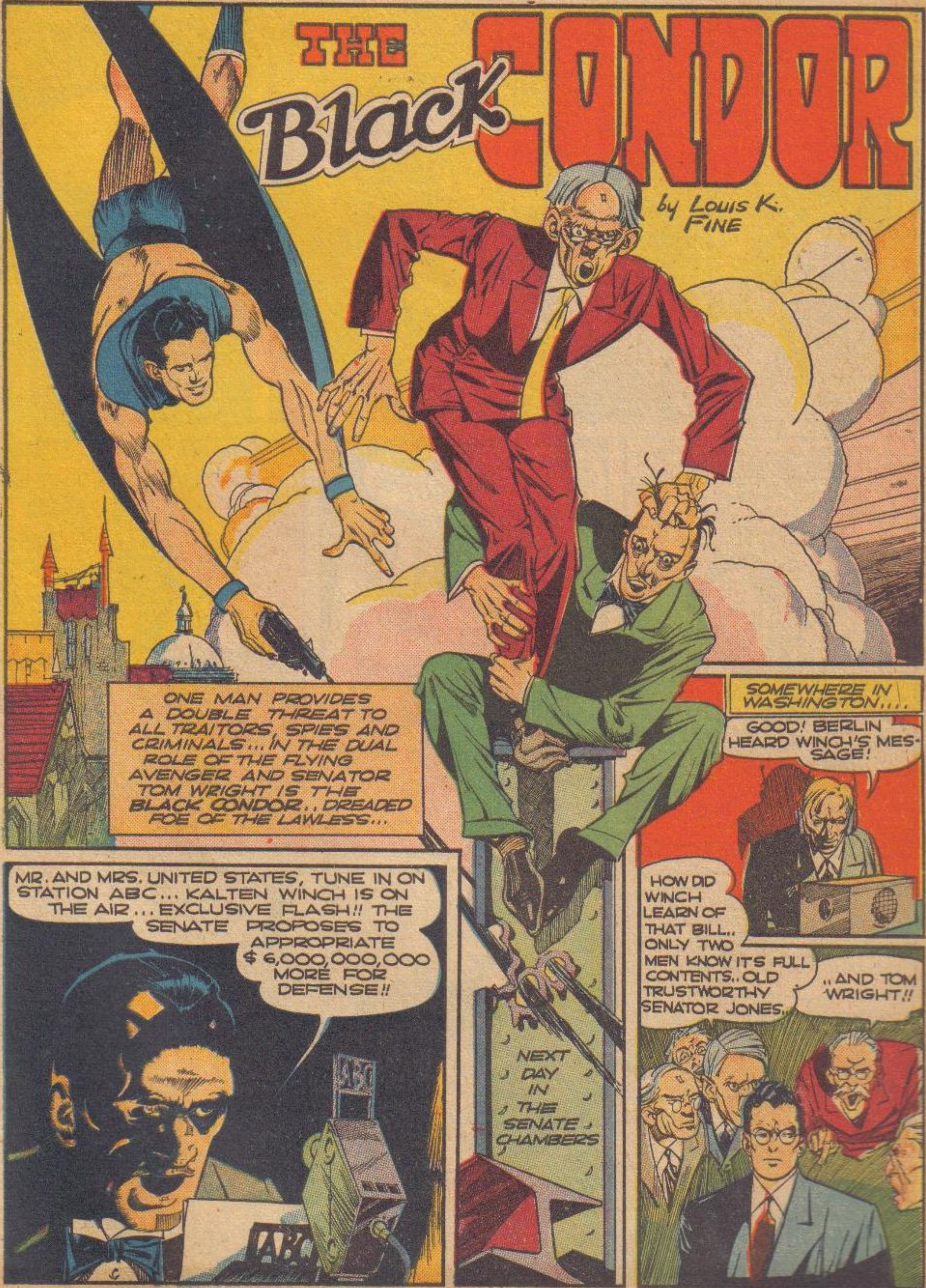
GOOD! BERLIN HEARD WINCH'S MESSAGE!

MR. AND MRS. UNITED STATES, TUNE IN ON STATION ABC... KALTEN WINCH IS ON THE AIR... EXCLUSIVE FLASH!! THE SENATE PROPOSES TO APPROPRIATE \$ 6,000,000,000 MORE FOR DEFENSE!!

HOW DID WINCH LEARN OF THAT BILL... ONLY TWO MEN KNOW ITS FULL CONTENTS.. OLD TRUSTWORTHY SENATOR JONES..

..AND TOM WRIGHT!!

NEXT DAY IN THE SENATE CHAMBERS







LISTEN... HERE'S A RECORDING OF TOM WRIGHT'S VOICE...

YES, I AGREE ON FAST ACTION SENATOR JONES



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH.. MIGHT HAVE KNOWN PAL JASPAR WAS BEHIND THIS....

HERE'S YOUR F-FAVORITE NEWS-BOY BACK AGAIN FOLKS... NOW WHERE WAS I, AH YES... MY MIND IS LIKE A BIRD IN FLIGHT..



AT THIS MOMENT.. ON THE 54TH FLOOR OF THE SHANE TOWER

DID'JA HEAR WINCH, CROW? "BIRD IN FLIGHT"... DAT'S CODE FOR "THE BLACK CONDOR IS WISE"!!



HAH! EXCELLENT!! THIS TIME I'VE PREPARED A WELCOME THAT WILL SHOCK OUR GUEST!!



MURDEROUS ELECTRIC CHARGES SPREAD FAN-WISE AT THE 54TH FLOOR LEVEL....



MEANWHILE..... WENDY FOSTER IS IMPATIENT..

WELL IF TOM AND YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING, I WILL, I'M DATING KARLE KURT TONIGHT.. I'M PRETTY SURE HE KNOWS WHAT THE 5TH. COLUMN IS DOING... MAYBE I CAN LEARN SOMETHING!!

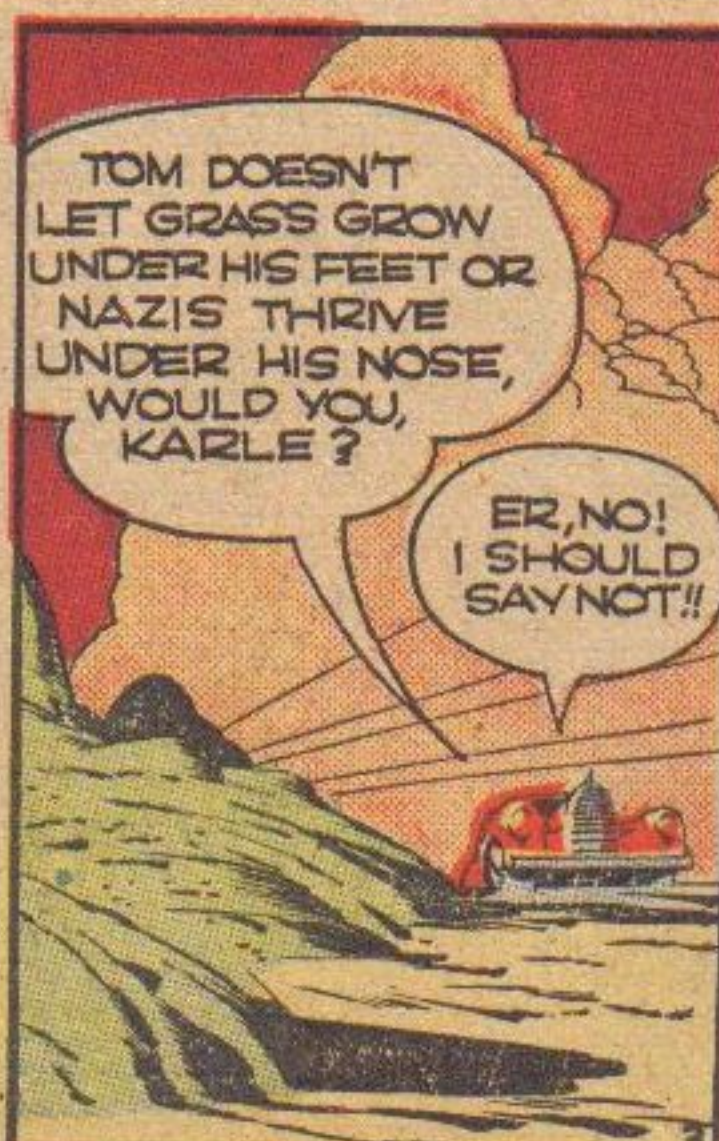
NOW BE CAREFUL, DAUGHTER !!



AT THE CLUB CONTINENTAL...

SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT THE TROUBLE YOUR FIANCE IS IN... YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE UPSET ABOUT IT..

OF COURSE NOT.. TOM WILL CLEAR HIMSELF.. HE KNOWS WHO'S REALLY BEHIND IT ALL ..HE'S JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT!!



TOM DOESN'T LET GRASS GROW UNDER HIS FEET OR NAZIS THRIVE UNDER HIS NOSE, WOULD YOU, KARLE?

ER, NO! I SHOULD SAY NOT!!



NO? THEN I WONDER WHY YOU'RE DRIVING ME THE WRONG WAY HOME.. UNLESS YOU THINK I KNOW ALREADY WHAT I'M ABOUT TO LEARN..

WENDY DOESN'T PROTEST TOO MUCH WHEN KURT LEADS HER INTO A ROOM NEXT TO CROW'S IN THE SHANE TOWER..



SHE WANTS TO LEARN MORE..

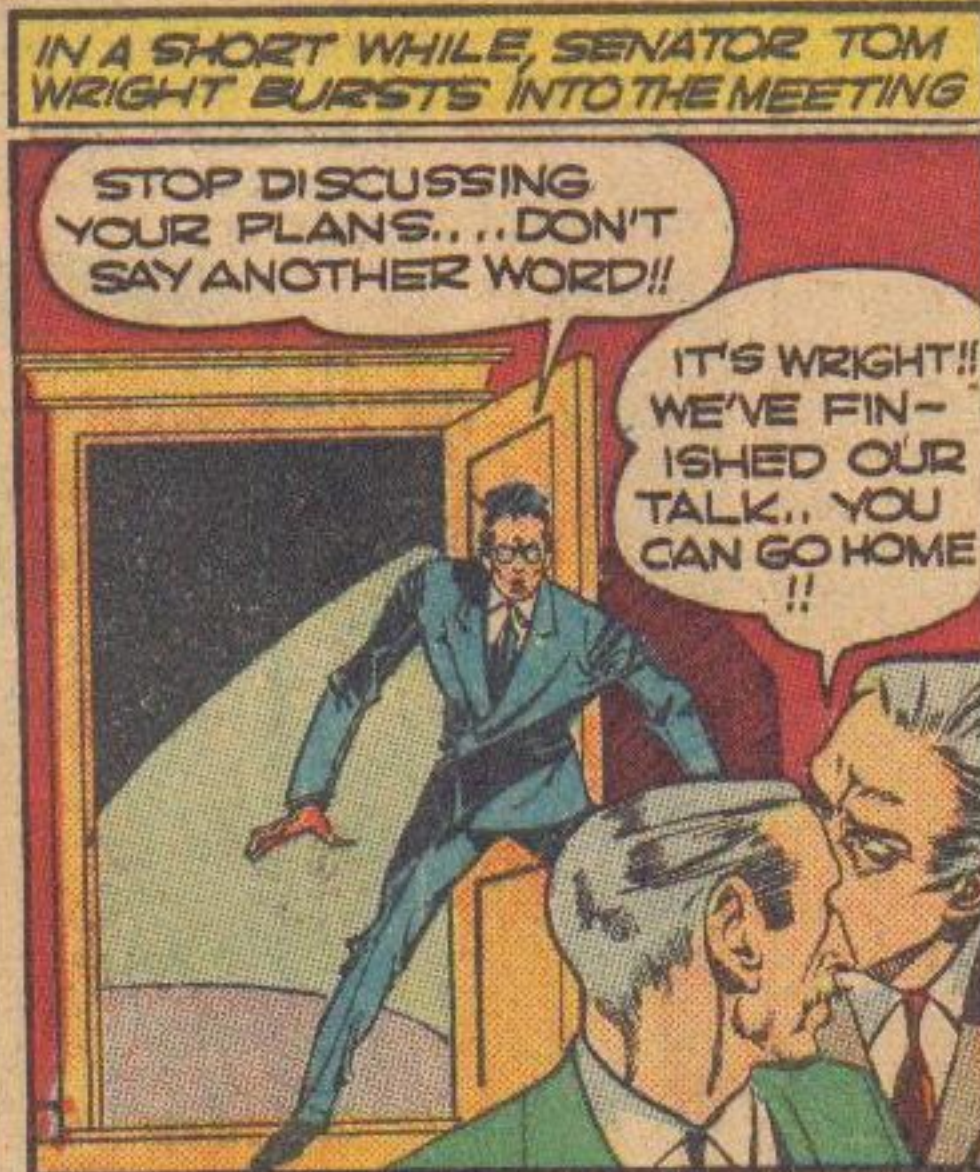


WHEN THE CONDOR FLIES UP TO THIS FLOOR THE ELECTRICITY WILL MAKE BACON OF HIM



CLIMBING OUT ON A PERILOUSLY NARROW LEDGE, WENDY EDGES ALONG





FROM THE SENATE A WINGED MAN SOARS ALOFT...



HE TOSSES A METAL SPIKE UP TOWARD CROW'S WINDOW...



THIS TIME SENATOR TOM WRIGHT CAN BREAK IN WHERE THE CONDOR CAN'T.. I'LL JUST TAKE THE ELEVATOR...



BUT...

SORRY, WRIGHT, BUT I GOT ORDERS..



TOM'S FEET ARE AS FAST AS THE CONDOR'S WINGS.



HE EXITS THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR IN THE CAR'S ROOF



AND ZOOMS UP THE SHAFT AS THE CONDOR...



HIS BLACK RAY GUN SMASHES A SHORT-WAVE MESSAGE FROM BERLIN..



MEANWHILE.. WENDY IS AT THE HOSPITAL..

YES FOLKS, TOM WRIGHT RAN OUT ON THE SENATE... LOOKS LIKE THE ACT OF A GUILTY MAN!!

THAT'S KALTEN WINCH AGAIN!!



WHEN DOCTOR FOSTER ARRIVES AT THE HOSPITAL..

WHAT DO YOU MEAN.. SHE'S GONE!!

SHE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO!

THEY MUST KNOW IT'S JASPAR CROW THAT'S GUILTY.. I'LL TELL THEM!



IN CROW'S OFFICE IT LOOKS LIKE THE BLACK CONDOR HAS THE UPPER HAND....

YOU WIN AGAIN!! ALRIGHT, CONDOR, NAME THE NEXT MOVE!!

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO THE SENATE!!!



BUT JUST THEN..

YOU DON'T OBJECT TO MY ANSWERING THE PHONE.. DO YOU?



YES? FOUND HER WALKING AROUND IN A HOSPITAL GOWN... DELIRIOUS? YES OF COURSE, HOLD HER... YOU KNOW WHERE..



WENDY FOSTER IS IN THE HANDS OF MY MEN... SHE'S SAFE AS LONG AS I AM... BUT IF YOU EXPOSE ME.. YOU CAN GUESS THE REST FOR HER!!



ALRIGHT JASPAR... I'LL KEEP MUM... NO ONE WILL KNOW OF YOUR RACKET.. BUT JUST AS A PRECAUTION!!



I'M GOING TO PERCH YOU TWO OUT HERE.. SO YOU CAN'T SEND THAT PRIORITY BILL TO BERLIN!!



BETTER NOT BREATHE TOO HARD, JASPAR.. THIS WEAKENED GIRDER MIGHT SNAP OFF...



ALL NIGHT THE BLACK CONDOR
WINGS ACROSS THE CITY IN
SEARCH OF WENDY

NO
LUCK YET
!!



CROWS!! A WHOLE
FLOCK... THAT GIVES
ME A HUNCH..



"THE CROWS NEST"...
THERE'S JUST A CHANCE
IT'S ONE OF JASPAR'S
HIDEOUTS...



IN THE GLOOM OF THE
MUSTY FLOOR THE CONDOR
FINDS WENDY...



AND DYNAMITE
STRIKES CROW'S
SWARTHY
HENCHMEN..



IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, WENDY IS SAFELY ON HER WAY HOME..



MEANWHILE...

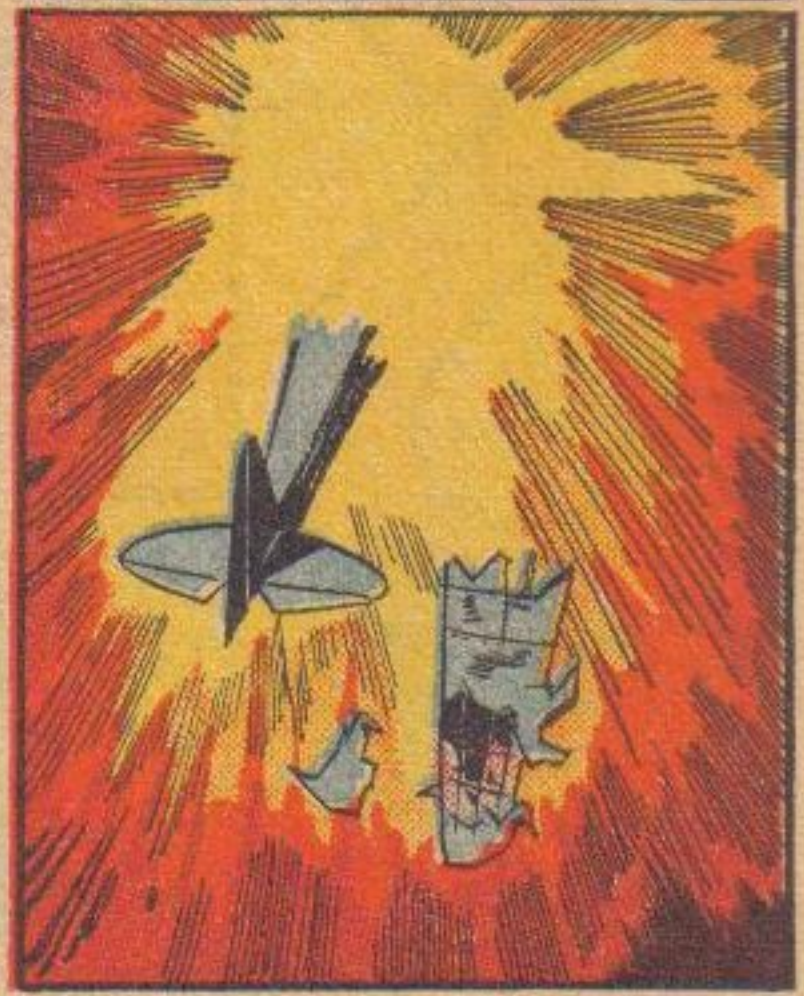
THIS IS YOUR FAULT, KURT..



JUST THEN A PLANE FLYING LOW DROPS A LADDER.. CROW GRABS IT....



BUT JASPAR IS TOO LATE.. THE PLANE FLIES INTO THE DEADLY TRAP..



AND JASPAR CROW PLUNGES EARTHWARD... IS IT HIS END??



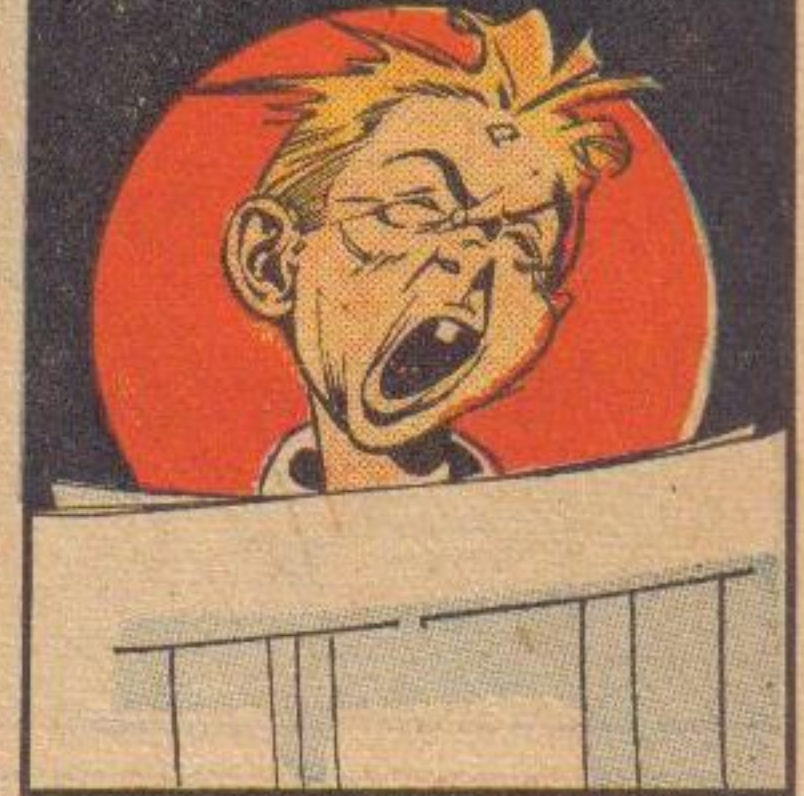
WHEN THE BLACK CONDOR RETURNS, ONLY KURT, THE SPY, REMAINS ATOP THE GIRDER

SO CROW GAVE ME THE SLIP AGAIN!!



NEXT DAY..

WUXTRY!! SPY RING SMASHED!! KALTEN WINCH IMPLICATED!!! BLACK CONDOR IS...

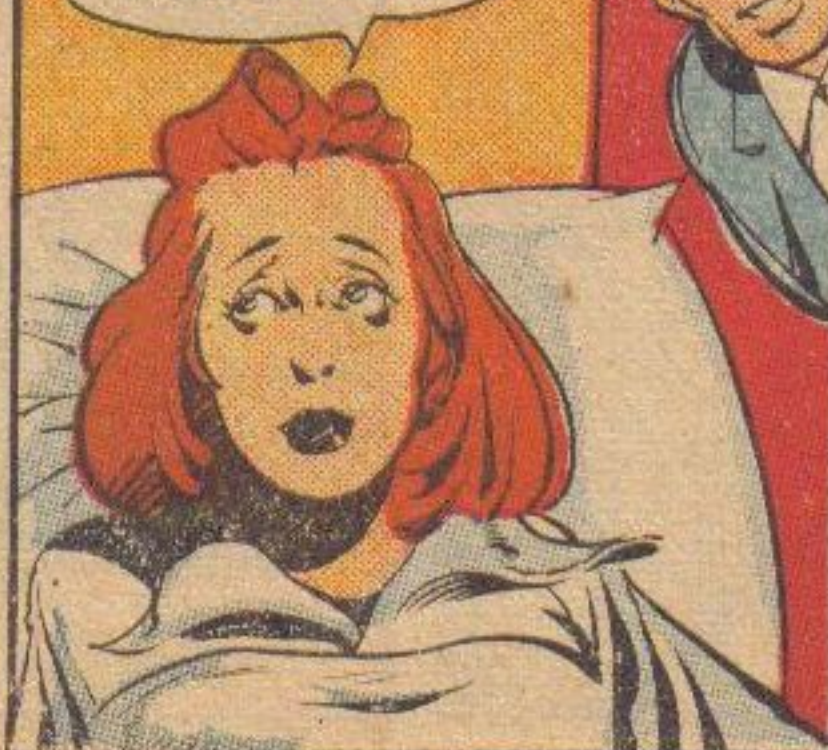


SENATOR TOM WRIGHT VISITS THE INJURED WENDY...

BEFORE I SCOLD YOU FOR RISKING YOUR LIFE, DEAR, I'LL HAVE TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME, BUT....



OH, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY.... THE BLACK CONDOR FOUGHT FOR ME.. HE HELD ME IN HIS ARMS!! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!!



WELL! BLACK CONDOR EH?...HMM..I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE I STAND!



SPITFIRE



EARLY DAWN AT THE EAGLE SQUADRON'S FIELD SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND ----

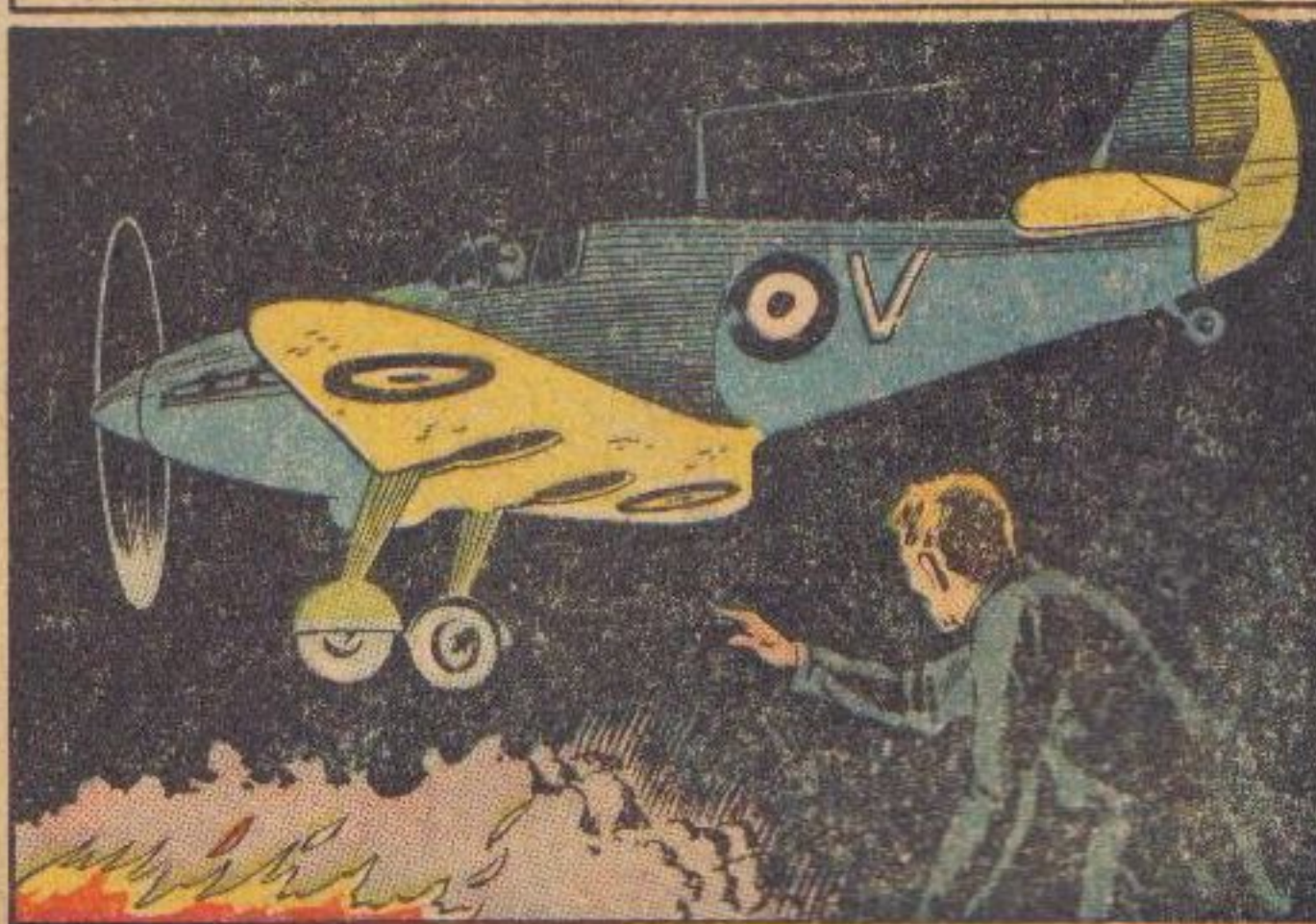


HERE THEY COME, CAPTAIN

YES...AND I'M AFRAID THEY'VE LOST A FEW PILOTS, TEX



PICKING UP THE FLARE PATH, THE SQUADRON'S HURRICANES WHISK DOWN THE BRIEFLY LIGHTED RUNWAY ----



WE ESCORTED THE BOMBERS OVER, CAPTAIN, BUT WHEN WE REACHED THE FRENCH COAST, WE RAN INTO EVERY GERMAN PLANE IN EUROPE ---- !!

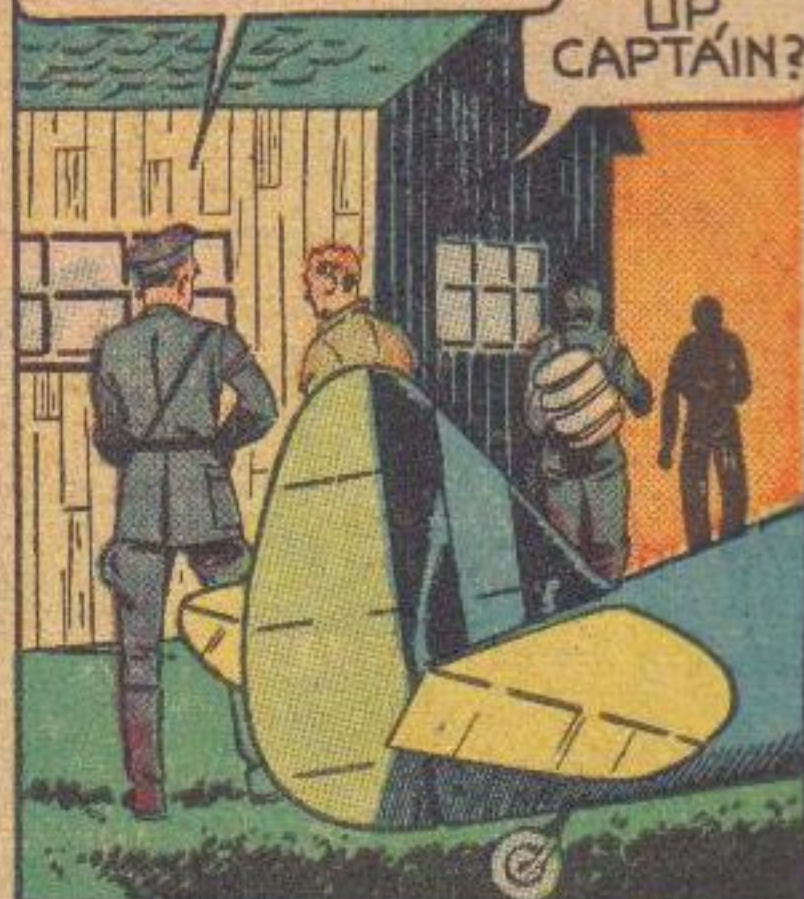


WE COULDN'T SPOT THE NAZIS' HIDDEN HEAVY SHORE GUNS... TOO BUSY FIGHTING ENEMY PLANES... !!



THAT'S THE THIRD TIME WE'VE FAILED --- GOT TO THINK OF SOME WAY...

WHAT'S UP, CAPTAIN?



THE NAZIS HAVE INSTALLED NEW LONG RANGE GUNS SOMEWHERE ON THE FRENCH COAST, TEX... THEY'RE WRECKING ENGLISH COASTAL TOWNS AND SHIPPING WITH THEIR SHELLS ----



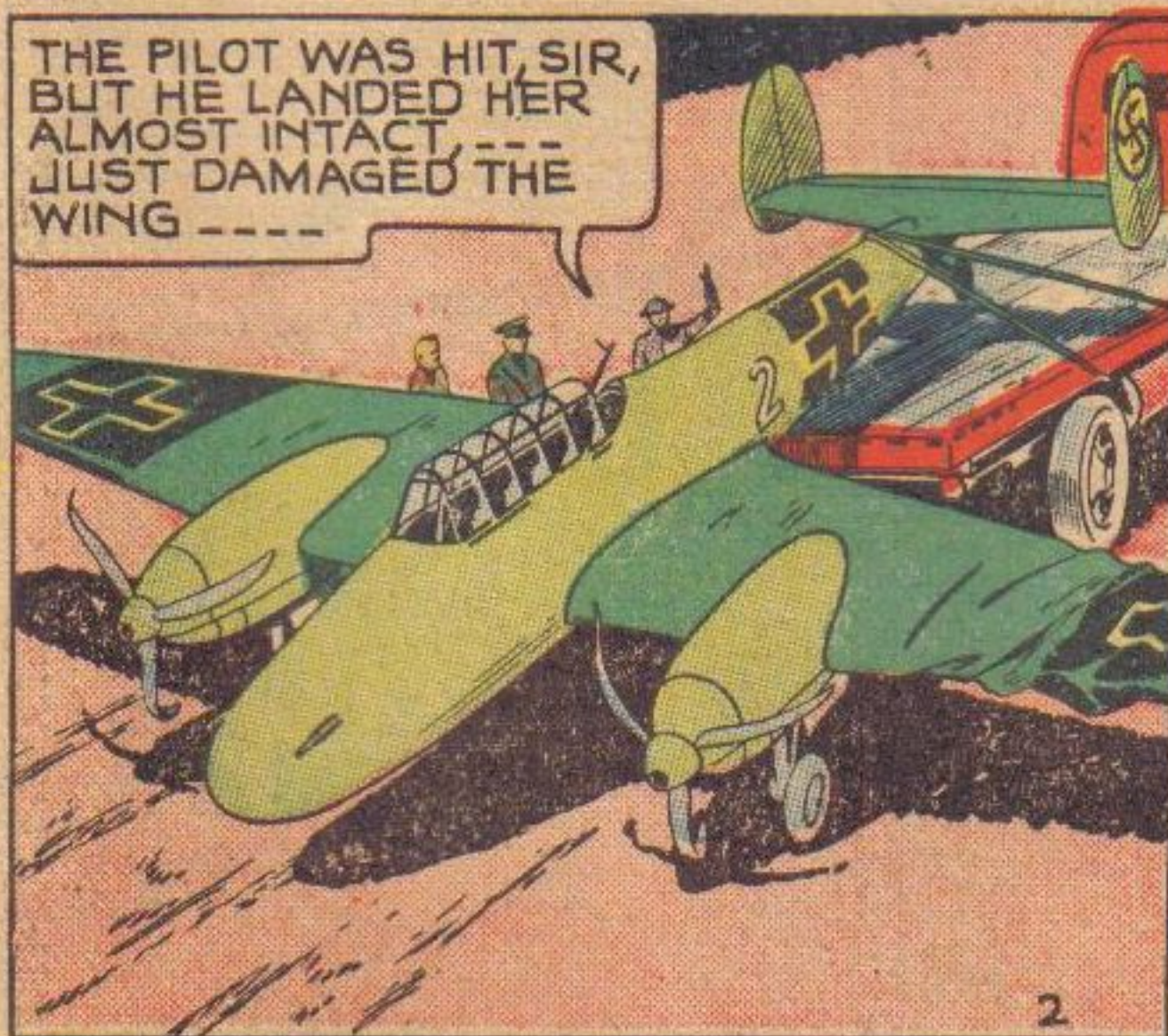
BUT THEY'RE SO WELL HIDDEN AND PROTECTED BY FIGHTER PLANES WE CAN'T LOCATE AND BOMB 'EM OUT !!



WE'VE HAILED IN A WRECKED GERMAN BOMBER, SIR!... CARE TO LOOK IT OVER, SIR?



THE PILOT WAS HIT, SIR, BUT HE LANDED HER ALMOST INTACT, --- JUST DAMAGED THE WING ----



I HAVE AN IDEA, CAPTAIN... HOW ABOUT FIXING THIS PLANE UP AND LETTING ME TAKE IT OVER TO LOOK FOR THOSE GUNS ----

YOU FIGURE THE NAZIS WOULDN'T BOTHER ONE OF THEIR OWN PLANES, EH... MIGHT WORK, TEX!



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON FINDS
THE REPAIRED GERMAN PLANE
READY TO GO ---

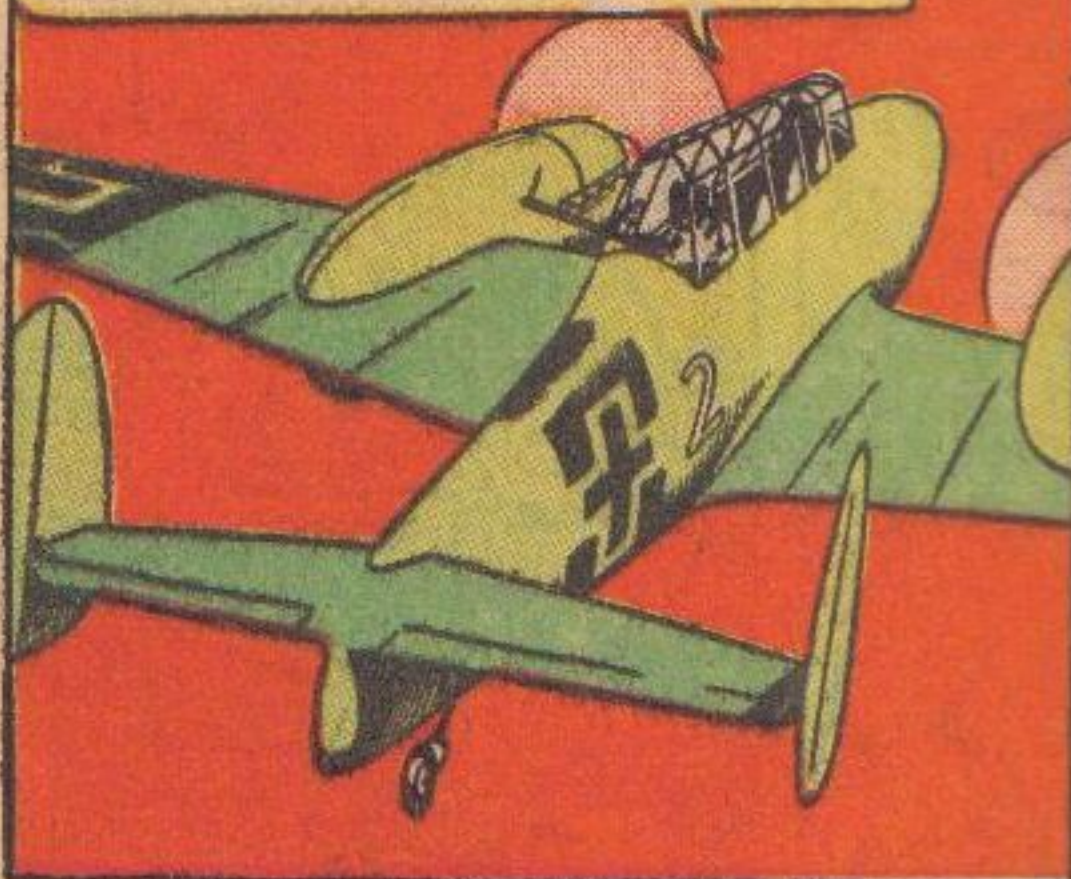


I'VE KEPT QUIET ABOUT
YOUR FLIGHT -- AFRAID
OF SPIES -- SO STEER
CLEAR OF BRITISH PLANES!
TO THEM YOU'RE AN ENEMY

LET'S ROLL,
CHUCK !!



CHECK OUR COURSE, CHUCK --
THOSE GUNS ARE SOMEPLACE
BETWEEN CALAIS AND BOULOGNE
ON THE FRENCH COAST ---



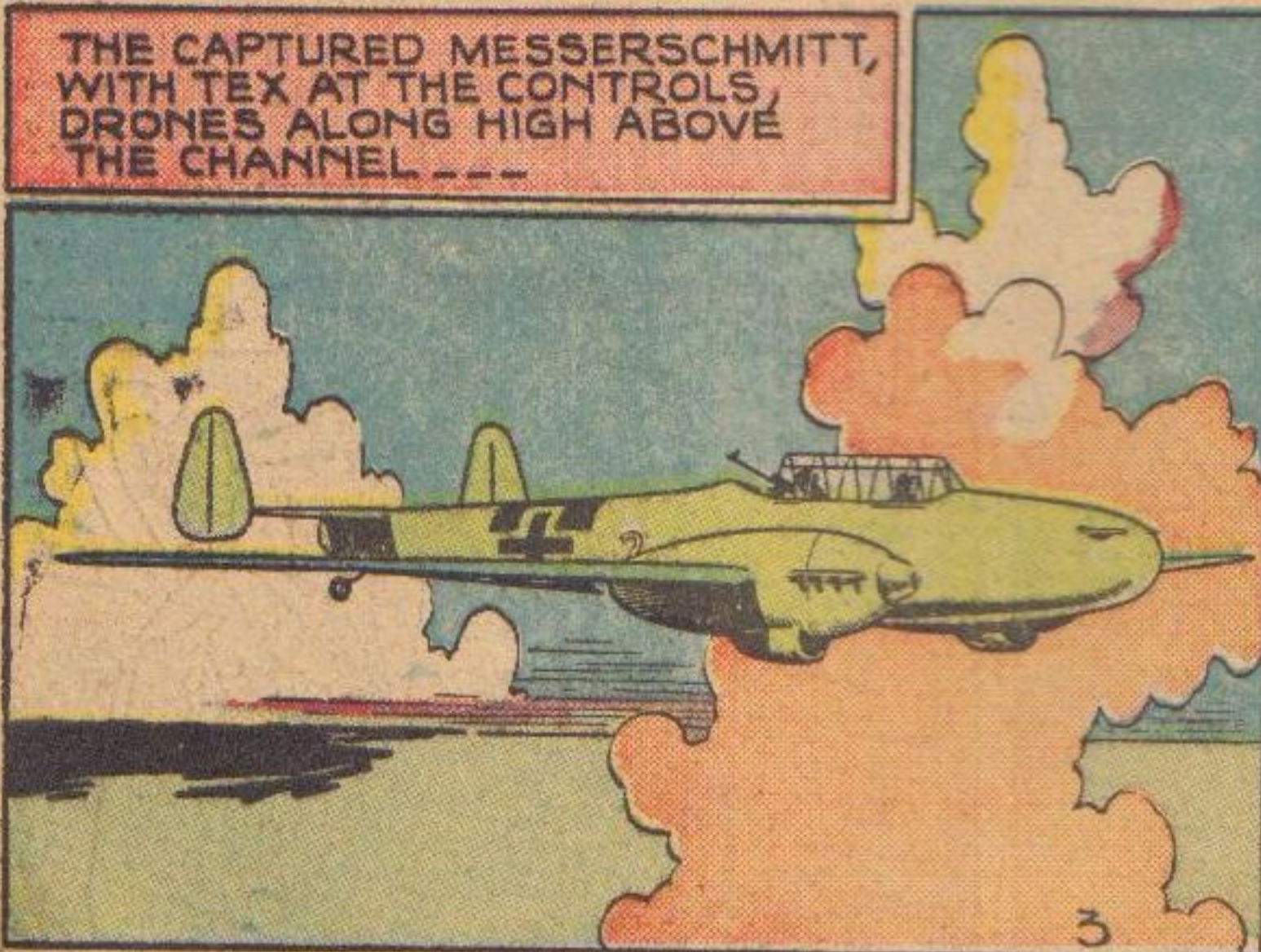
WE'LL FLY HIGH --
UP AROUND 25,000
FEET !



SPITFIRES OFF TO THE
SOUTH, TEX -- THEY
DON'T SEE US THOUGH

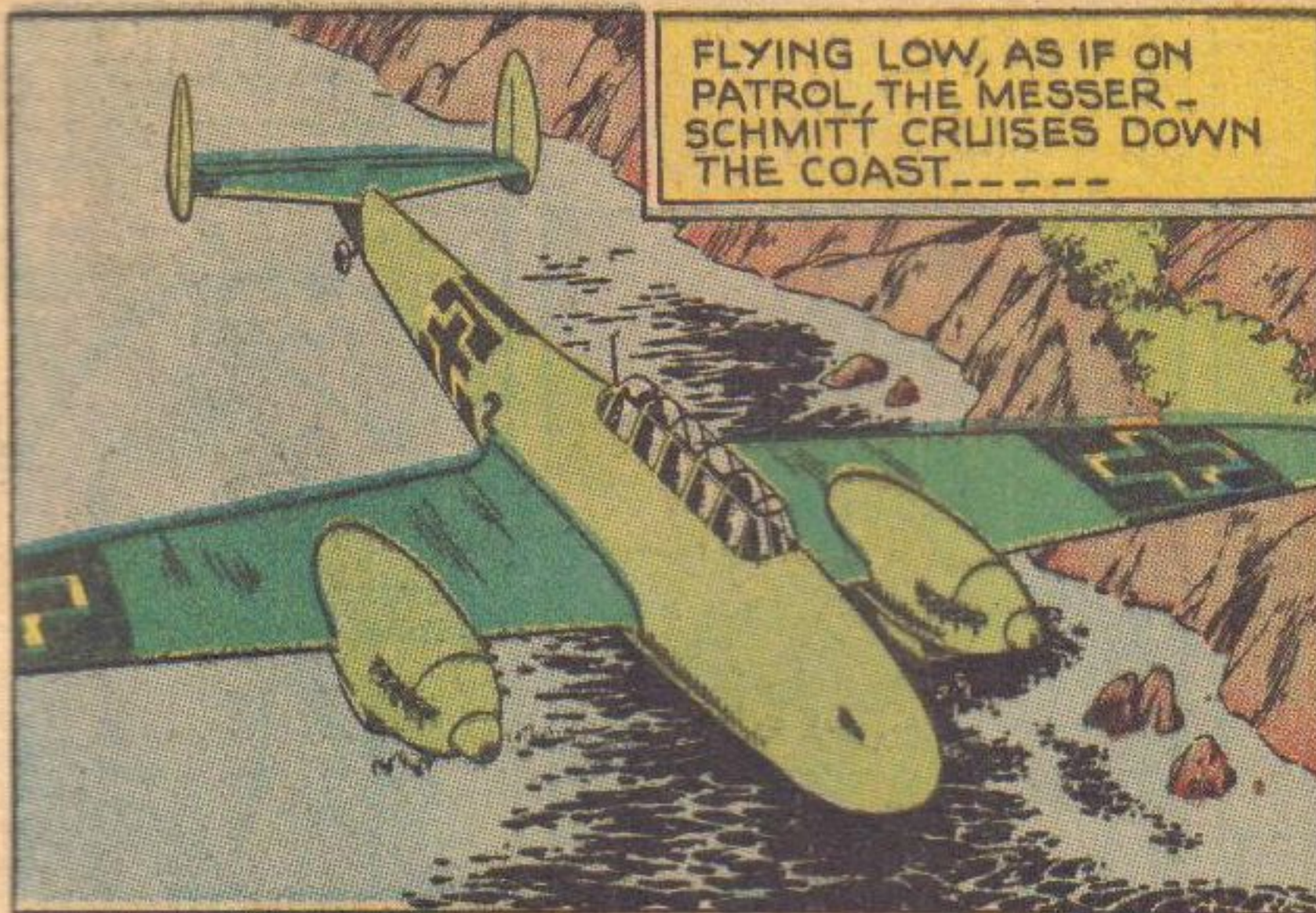


THE CAPTURED MESSERSCHMITT,
WITH TEX AT THE CONTROLS,
DRONES ALONG HIGH ABOVE
THE CHANNEL ---

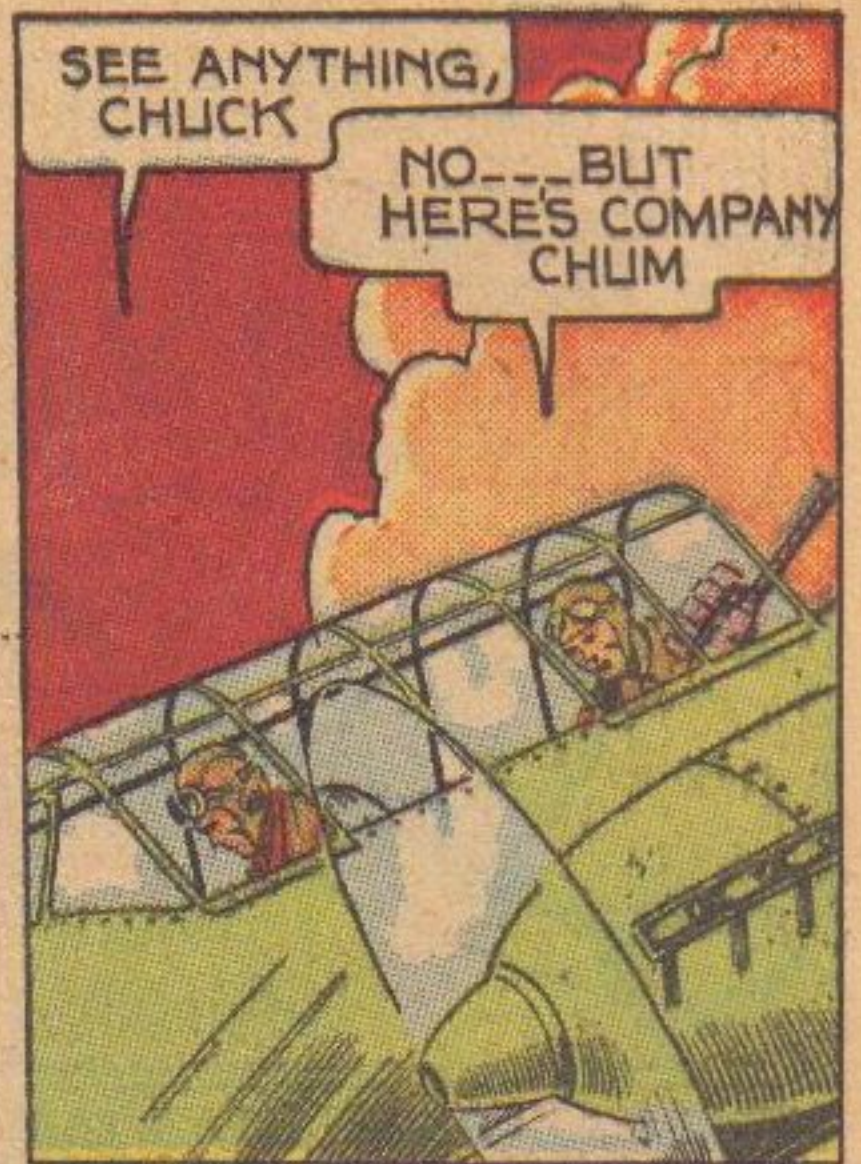


THERE'S THE FRENCH COAST-
LINE, CHUCK --- WE CAN
DROP DOWN NOW, I GUESS





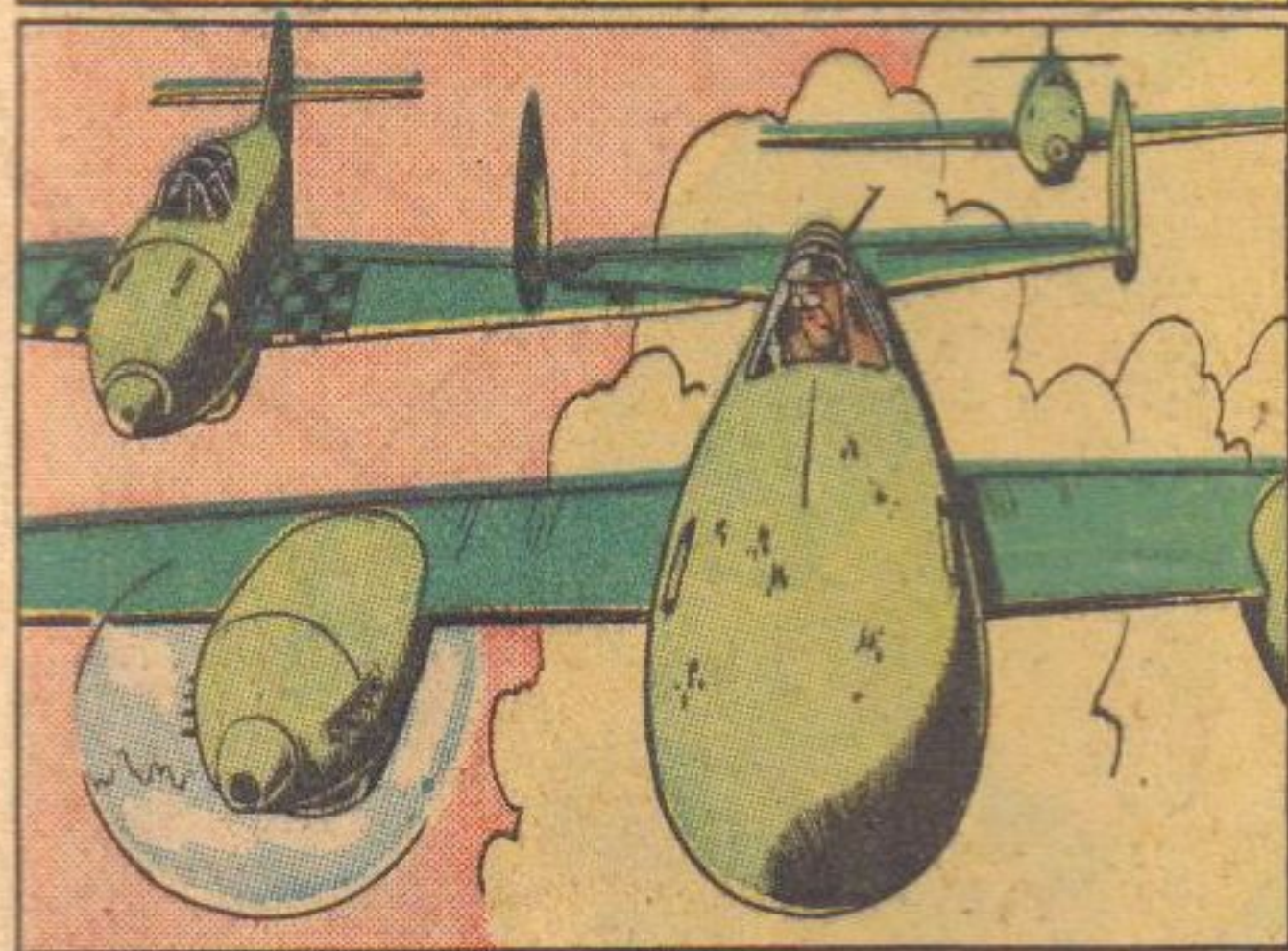
FLYING LOW, AS IF ON PATROL, THE MESSER-SCHMITT CRUISES DOWN THE COAST-----



SEE ANYTHING, CHUCK

NO--- BUT HERE'S COMPANY CHUM

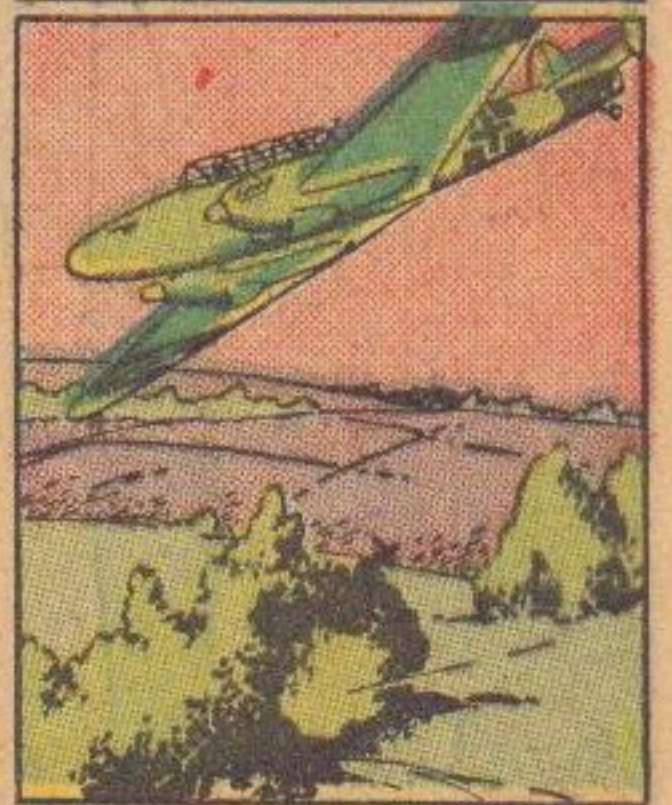
TWO NAZI PURSUIT SHIPS JOIN IN--- TEX AND CHUCK WAVE HALF-HEARTEDLY



THERE THEY GO! --BROTHER, I'LL BET THOSE FEW MINUTES TOOK YEARS OFF MY LIFE !!



SUDDENLY AS THEY NEAR CALAIS, TEX SEES A TONGUE OF FLAME SPURT FROM A CLUMP OF TREES BELOW----



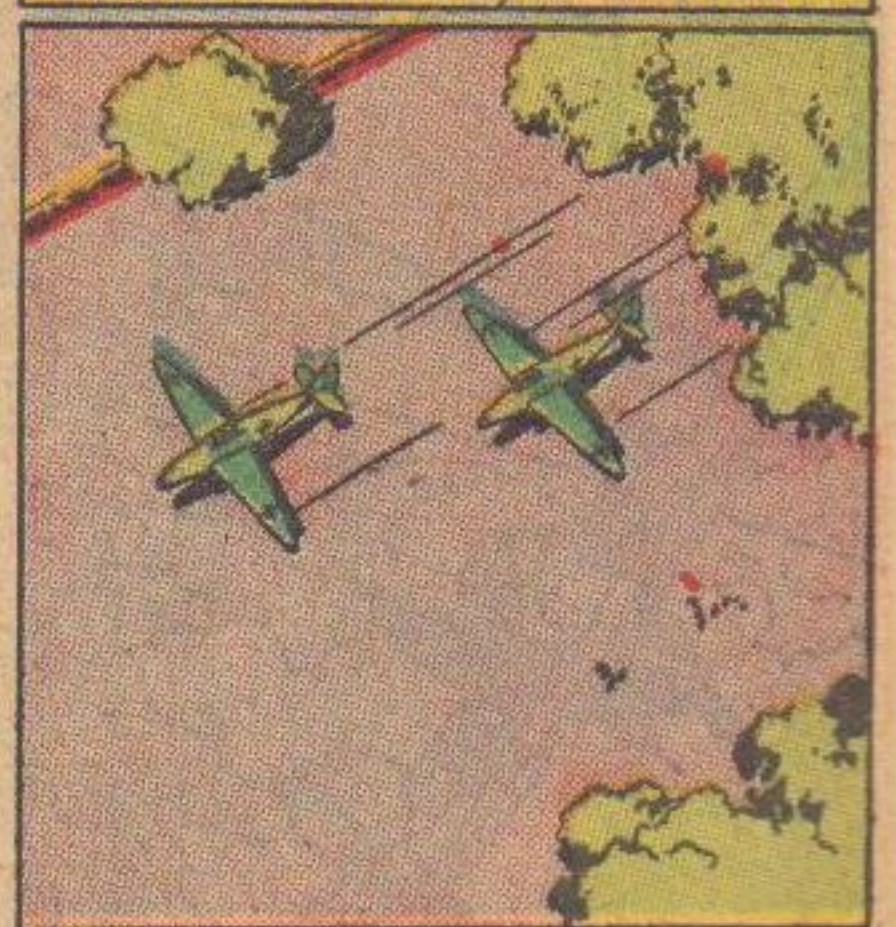
CHUCK, THERE THEY ARE--- THE GUNS !!



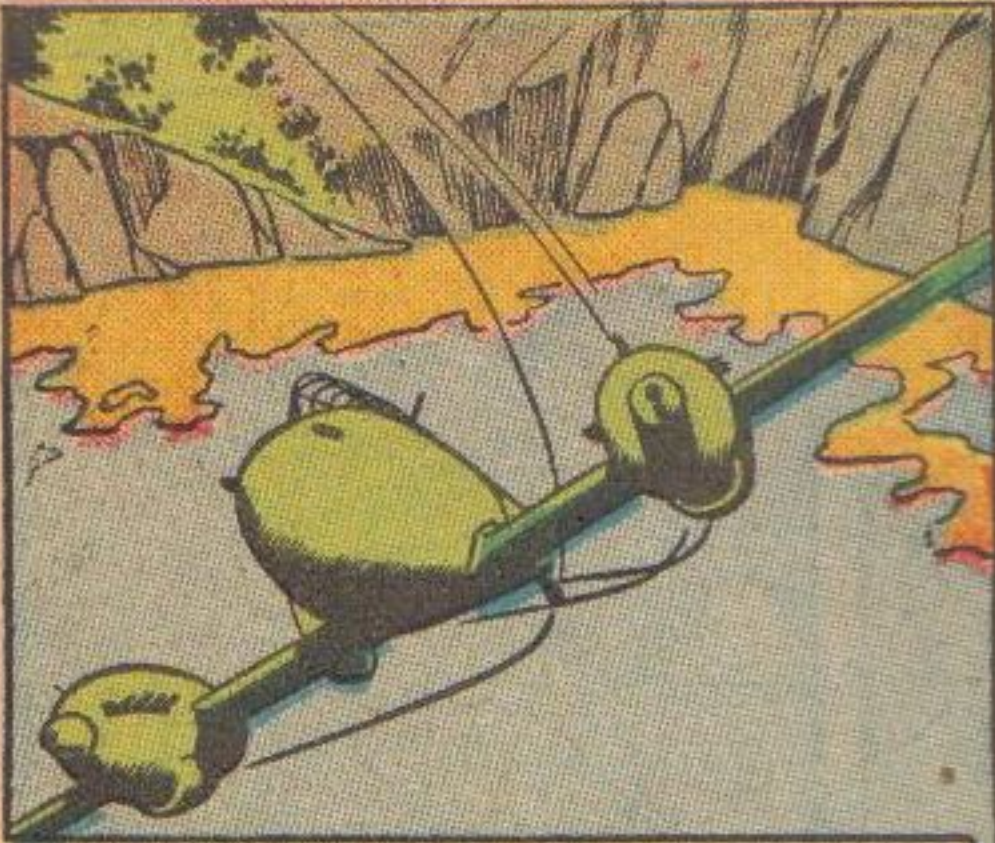
YEAH--AND THEY'RE SIGNALING US WITH A BLINKER LIGHT, TEX



AS TEX BANKS AWAY, HE SEES NAZI PURSUIT SHIPS TAKING OFF FROM AN INNOCENT LOOKING FIELD



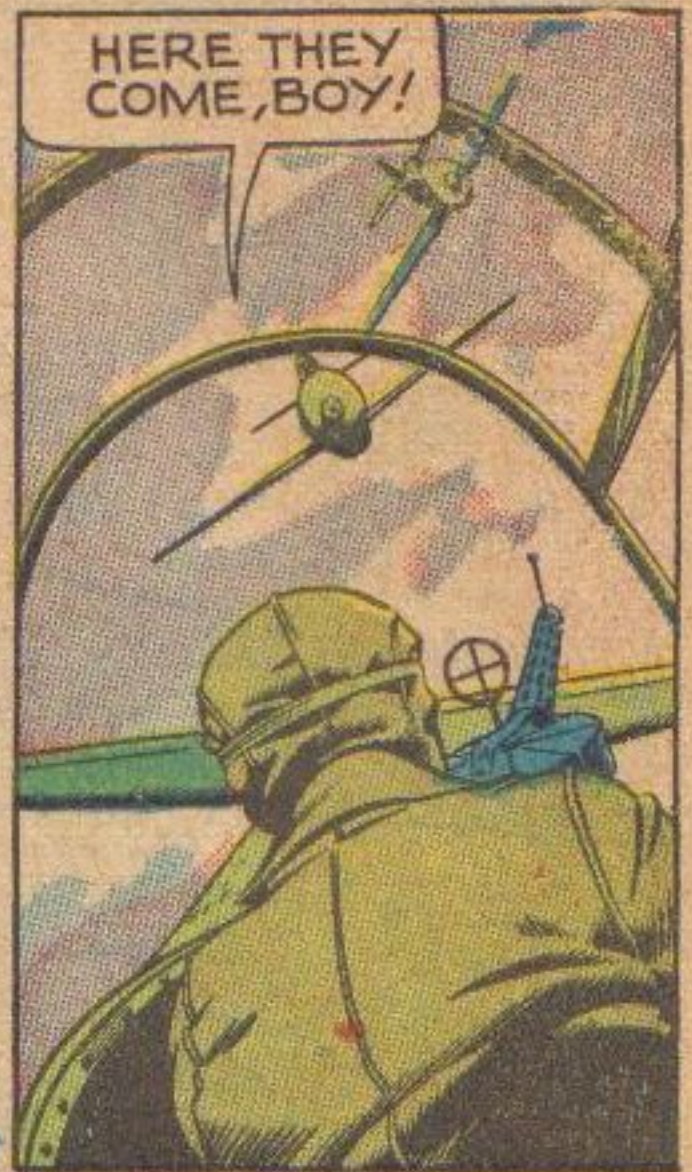
TEX SLAMS THE THROTTLE
WIDE OPEN AND HEADS FOR
ENGLAND-----



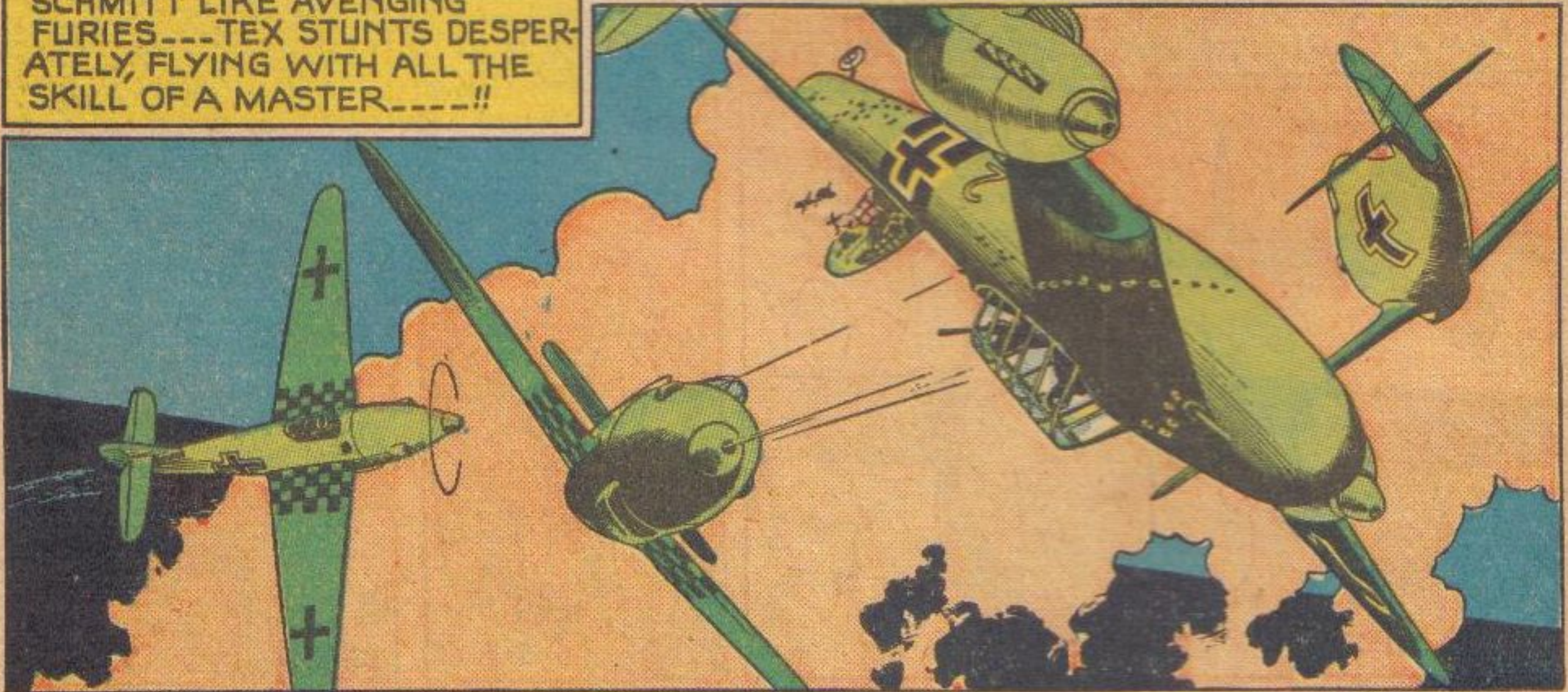
THEY'RE WISE TO US,
CHUCK --- THAT WAS
A RECOGNITION SIGNAL
AND I COULDN'T ANSWER
IT



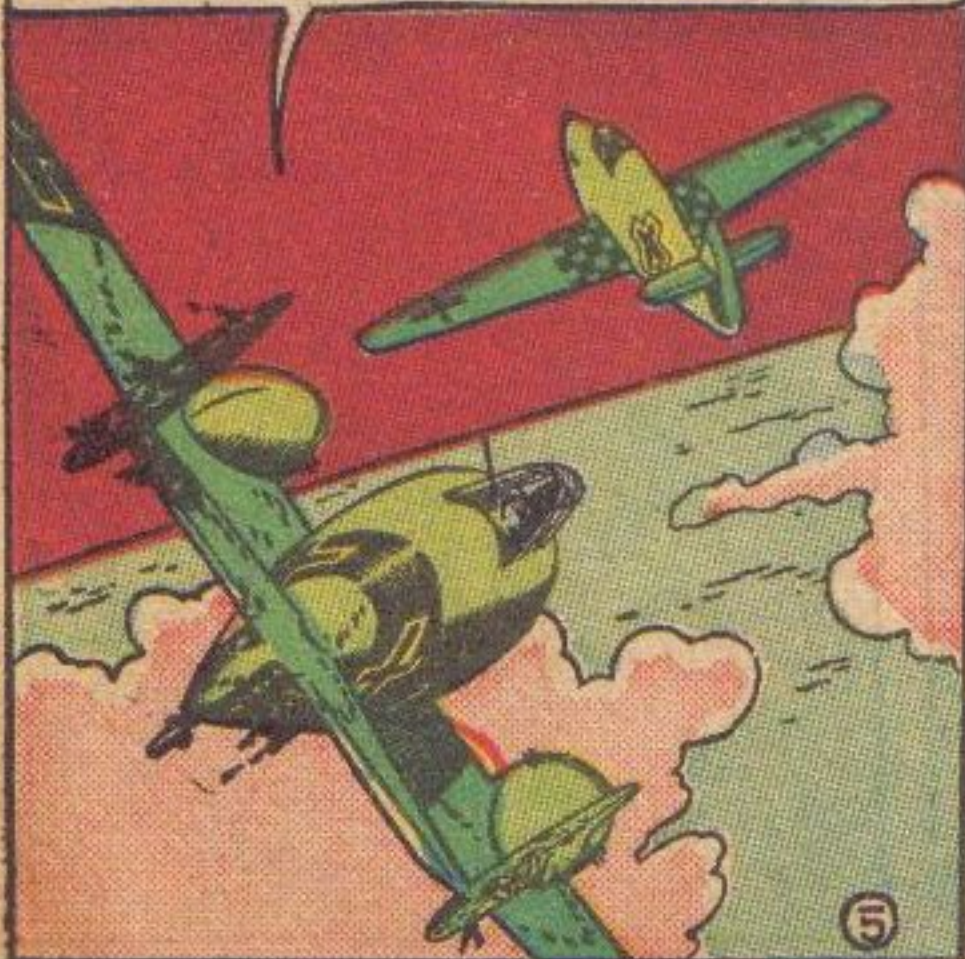
HERE THEY
COME, BOY!



THE NAZI SHIPS ROAR DOWN
UPON THE FLEEING MESSER-
SCHMITT LIKE AVENGING
FURIES---TEX STUNTS DESPER-
ATELY, FLYING WITH ALL THE
SKILL OF A MASTER-----!!



I CAN'T HOLD HER UP MUCH
LONGER, CHUCK --- THEY'VE
SHOT AWAY HALF THE CONTROLS

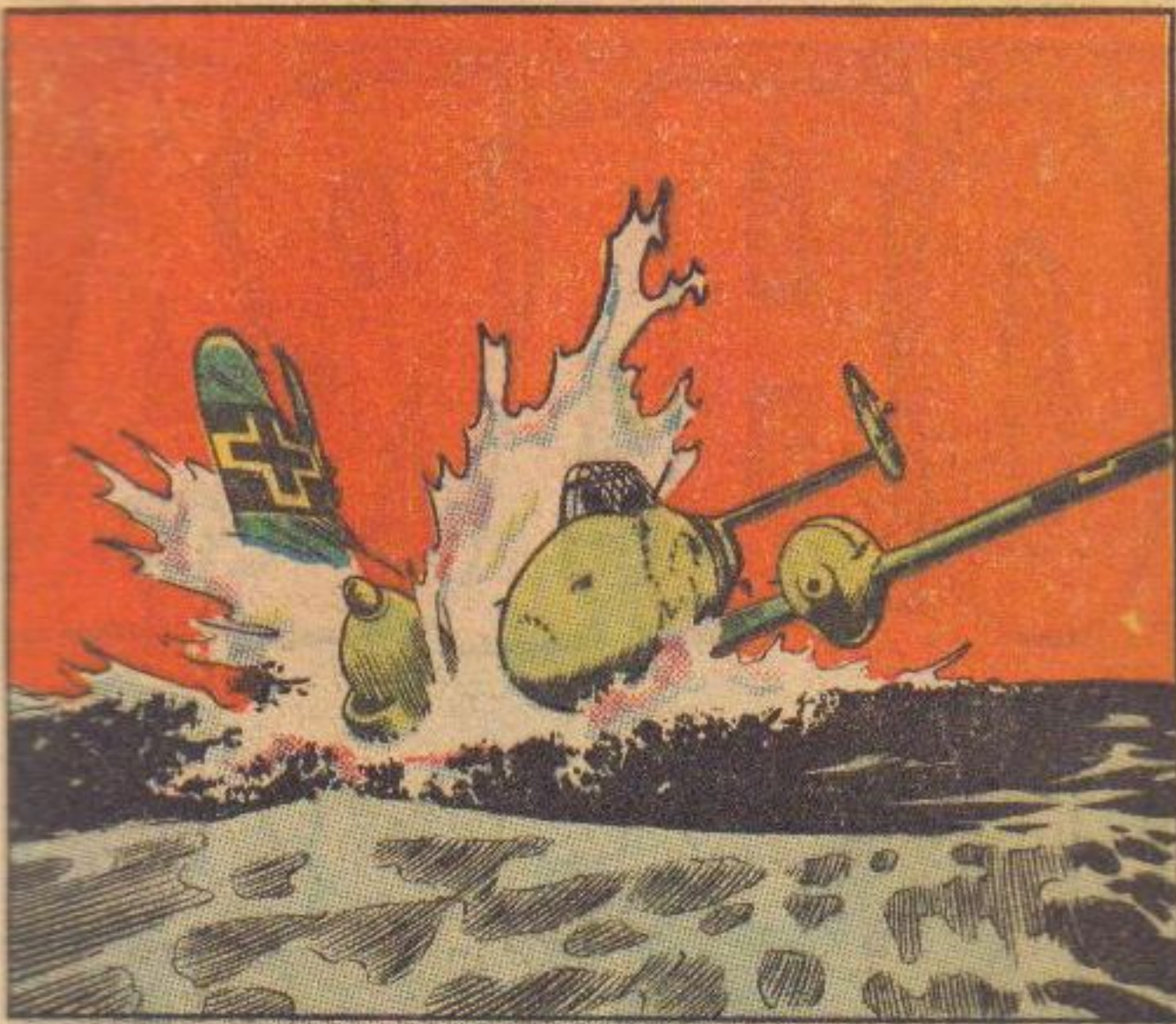


SHOT TO RIBBONS, THE
PLANE IS FORCED LOWER
AND LOWER TO THE
CHANNEL WATERS---

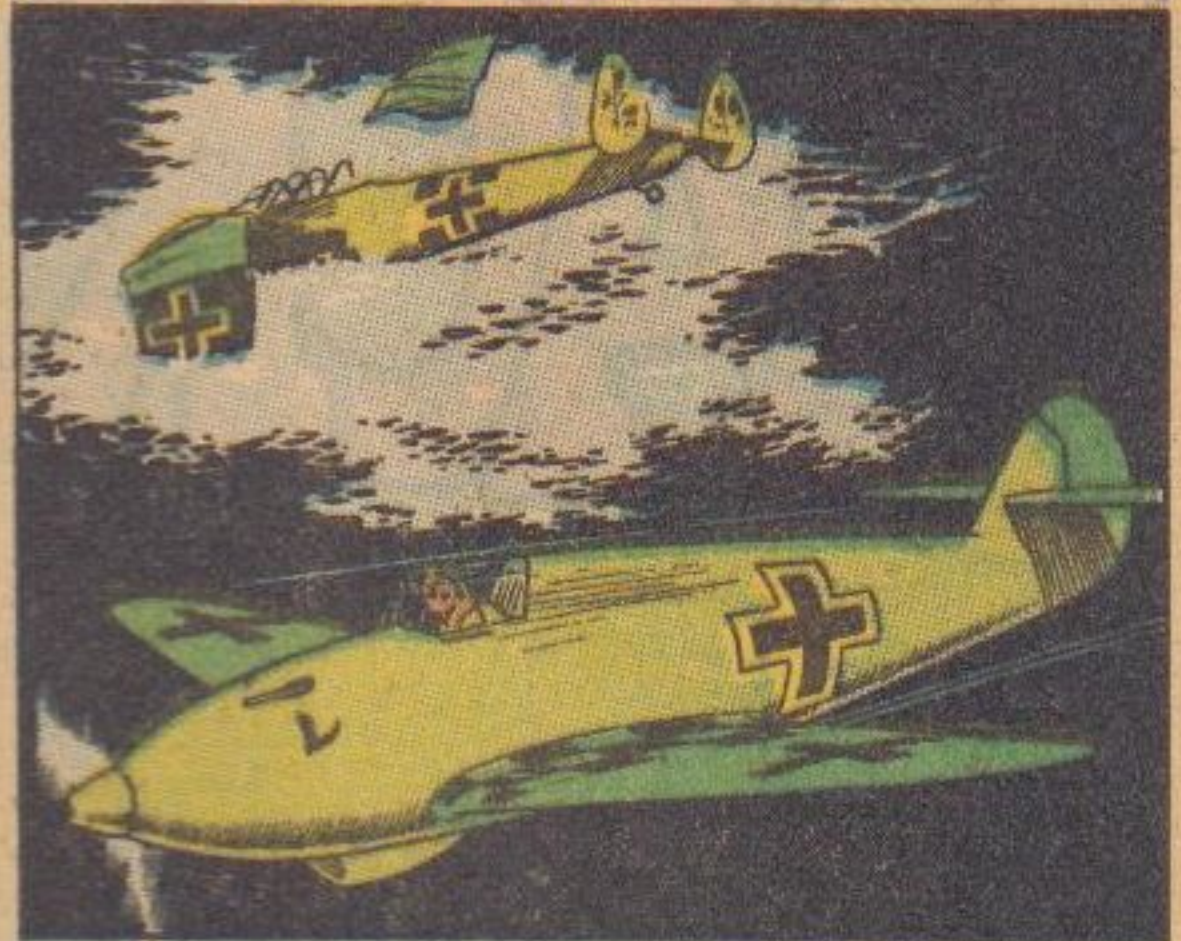


SHE'S GONE HAY-
WIRE!! --- I CAN'T---

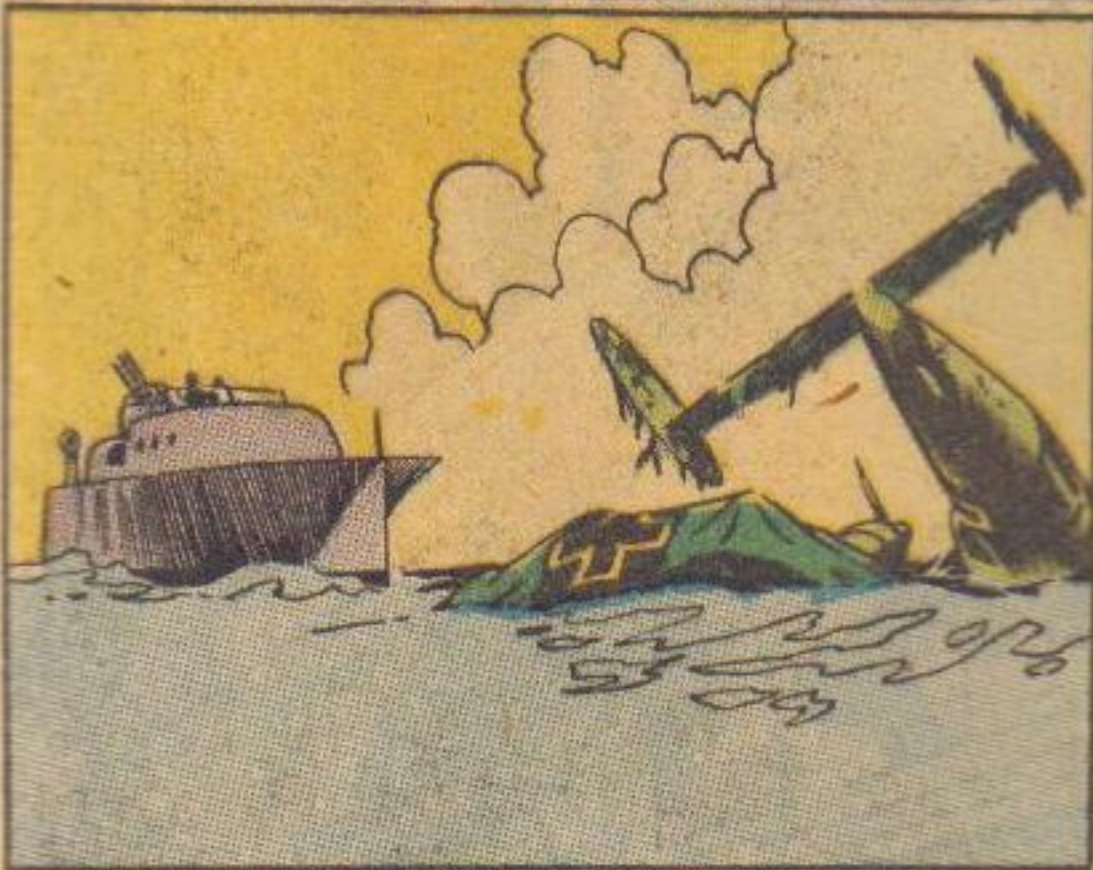




SATISFIED THAT THEIR SECRET IS STILL SAFE, THE NAZI SHIPS ROAR BACK HOMEWARD----



AND A HALF-HOUR LATER AN ENGLISH CRASH BOAT PULLS UP BESIDE THE STILL FLOATING WRECKAGE OF A NAZI PLANE----



TWO OF THE CREW ARE CLINGING TO A WING--TAKE 'EM OFF



THEY'RE BOTH BAD OFF, SIR, BUT THE PILOT HAD THIS MAP CLENCHED IN ONE HAND----



GREAT HEAVENS---! HE'S MARKED DOWN THE LOCATION OF THOSE CURSED GUN EMPLACEMENTS---



HEAD FOR SHORE--- FAST!!



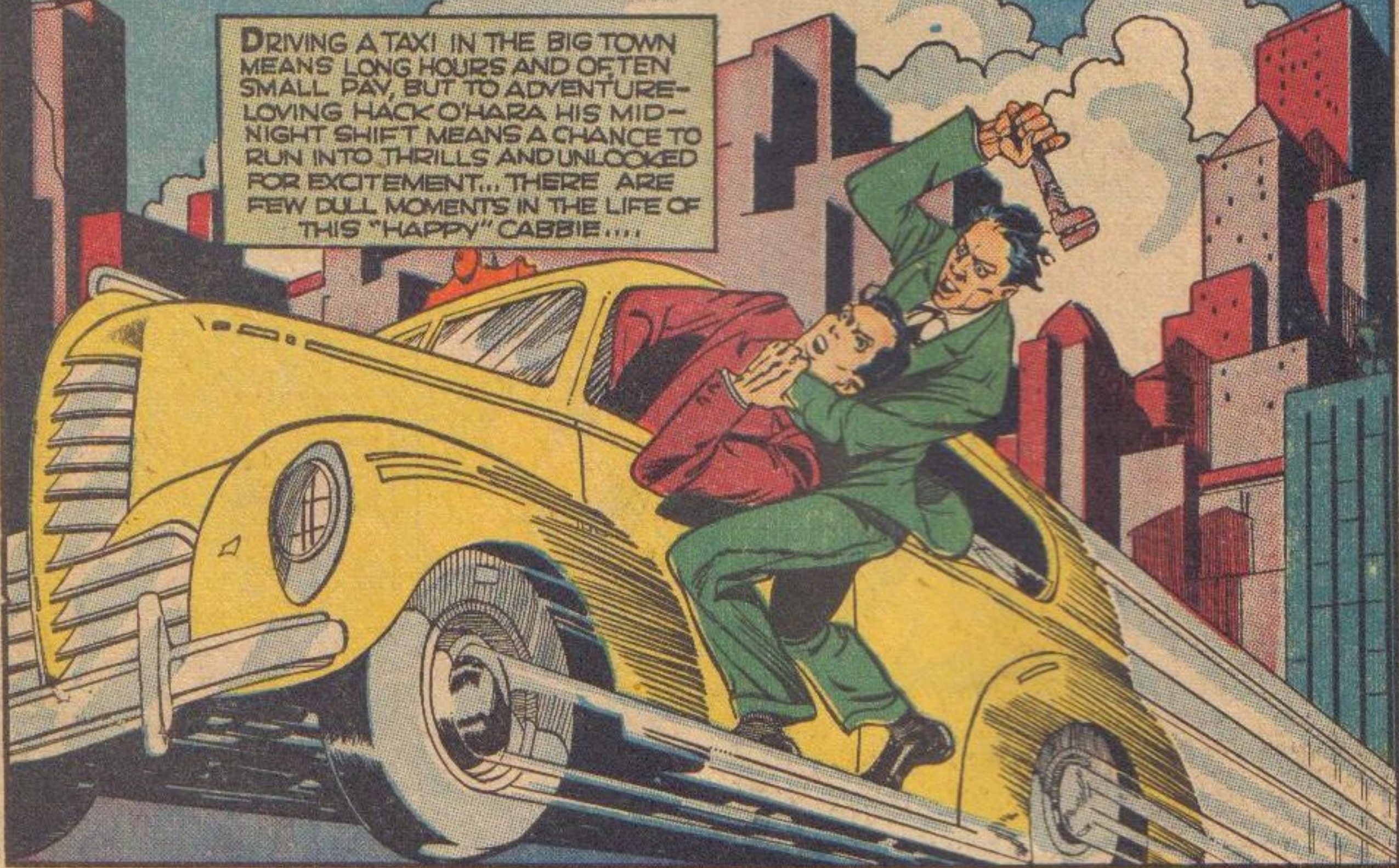
HOURS LATER... HEAR THOSE PLANES, TEX--THEY'RE ON THE WAY TO BOMB THE GUNS--YOU'LL GET A MEDAL FOR THIS



I'D RATHER HAVE SWIMMING LESSONS INSTEAD!

HACK O'HARA

DRIVING A TAXI IN THE BIG TOWN MEANS LONG HOURS AND OFTEN SMALL PAY, BUT TO ADVENTURE-LOVING HACK O'HARA HIS MID-NIGHT SHIFT MEANS A CHANCE TO RUN INTO THRILLS AND UNLOOKED FOR EXCITEMENT... THERE ARE FEW DULL MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF THIS "HAPPY" CABBIE....



IT IS LATE AT NIGHT. O'HARA IS CRUISING NEAR A PIER WHERE A BIG SHIP HAS JUST DOCKED...



TAXI !!!

AH..FIRST
FARE
TONIGHT!!

DRIVER.. STEP ON IT TO
1007 FORT WASHINGTON AVE!

RIGHT, SIR!!

WOW! THAT'S
A \$2.50
RIDE!!



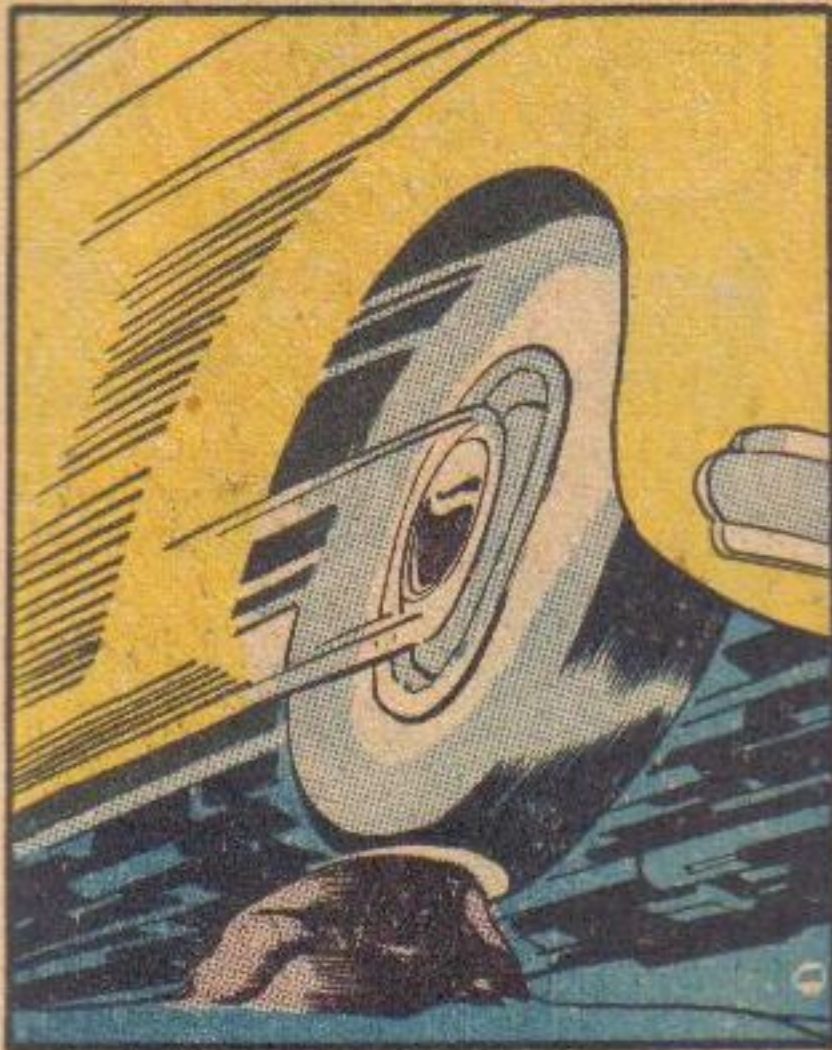
AFTER SEVERAL BLOCKS..

CABBIE! THOSE
LIGHTS BEHIND US..
DO YOU THINK
THAT CAR IS
TRAILING
US?

IT'S HARD
TO SAY, SIR...
I'LL DRIVE
ZIG-ZAG IN
SIDE STREETS..
WE'LL SOON
KNOW!!

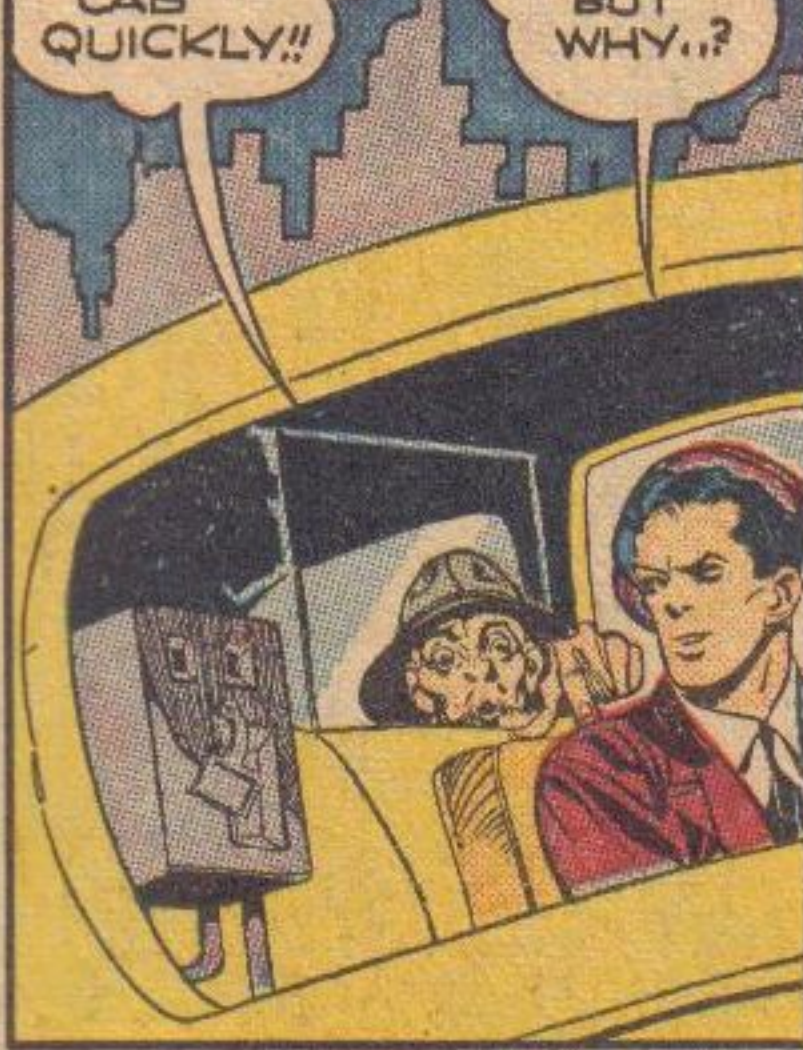


THE TAXI LURCHES AS A WHEEL STRIKES A LARGE STONE..



STOP, DRIVER!!
STOP THE
CAB
QUICKLY!!

SURE...
SURE
BUT
WHY..?



WHEN YOU HIT THAT
BUMP MY FALSE
TEETH POPPED OUT..
HEH,HEH.. FUNNY...
BUT... AH... HERE
THEY ARE!!

GLAD
YOU
FOUND
'EM, SIR!!



THE PURSUING CAR PULLS
UP ALONGSIDE.....

LOOK OUT, CABBIE!
YOU INSIDE.. GET
OUT! WITH YER
HANDS UP!

SAY.. WHO'RE
YOU GUYS
???



UNSEEN BY ANYONE ELSE, THE PASS-
ENGER VICTIM SLIPS SOMETHING INTO
HACK O'HARA'S POCKET AS HE EMERGES



C'MON, ALEXIS.. YOU KNOW WHAT
WE'RE AFTER !!

HEY! YOU GUYS CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH THIS!!



YOU HOODLUMS WON'T CHEAT ME
OUTA A GOOD FARE LIKE THIS...
PUT THAT GUN AWAY PUNK !!



SO! WE GOTTA SOFTEN YA UP
A LITTLE, EH, CABBIE?



HACK SPINS TO THE GROUND, AND..

HERE! YOU'LL GET A KICK
OUT OF THIS PAL!!



BUT A THUG WORKS AROUND BEHIND
HACK, AND.....

STICK T'YER STEERN' WHEEL
AFTER THIS, MUSHHEAD!!!



HEY LOOK!!!
TH' OLD
GUY IS
GETTIN'
AWAY!!

I'LL
BEAT THEM
YET!!



LET'S SEE HOW
FAST HE'LL RUN
WITH A BULLET
THROUGH HIS
TICKER!!

YEAH..
WE CAN'T LET
'IM ESCAPE!!



UGH.. I'M.. I'M...
THEY.. GOT... ME
I'M....

HEH!
HEH!!



THEN.. THE THUGS BEND OVER THE
SLAIN MAN... HIS FALSE TEETH
ARE REMOVED...

THIS IS WHERE HE HID 'EM! OUR
MAN ON THE BOAT SAID SO..



LATER.. THE POLICE ARRIVE..

IT'S PLAIN T'SEE WHAT TOOK
PLACE... THE DRIVER TRIED TO
ROB THIS MAN.. THEY FOUGHT..
THIS'LL GO AWFUL TOUGH
WITH HACK
O'HARA...

SURE..
O'HARA MUST'VE
BEEN SCARED
AND RAN
AWAY!!



NEXT MORNING... A DINGY SLUM
CELLAR HOLDS HACK...

OH, WHAT A SOCK I
GOT! THEY MUST'VE
DRAGGED ME
IN HERE....



BOY, IT'S GOOD T'SEE SUNLIGHT...
I WONDER.... WHAT'S
THAT??



WUXTRY! READ ALL ABOUT
THE TAXI MURDER! READ IT..
WUXTRY!!!

TAXI
MURDER
???



AS HACK EYES THE HEADLINES...



WHEW! WHAT A SPOT I'M IN!
 W..WHAT'S THIS I FEEL
 HERE IN MY POCKET..
 HMM.....



FALSE TEETH!! AND THIS
 PHONEY PLATE HIDES REAL
 DIAMONDS IN EVERY TOOTH!
 THEY KILLED OLD ALEXIS
 FOR THIS STUFF!



BETTER KEEP OUT OF
 SIGHT TILL I FIGURE THIS
 THING OUT... EVERY COP IN THE
 CITY IS AFTER ME.. ALEXIS
 WAS A DIAMOND
 MERCHANT!!



THOSE CROOKS KNEW HE
 CARRIED THE STONES IN HIS TEETH,
 BUT HE HAD TWO SETS OF TEETH..
 HE SLIPPED ME THE GOOD ONES
 BEFORE HE WAS KILLED....
 I'VE GOT AN
 IDEA!!



THAT NIGHT, AT
 THE THUGS' HIDEOUT....

HEY GUYS! LISSEN TO THIS, IN
 THE "PERSONAL" COLUMN...
 IF YOU WANT THE REAL
 SET OF TEETH BE AT ST.
 MARTIN'S CEMETERY TONIGHT
 AT MIDNIGHT...

OKAY...
 THAT'S
 US!



AT TEN MINUTES
 BEFORE THE
 APPOINTED TIME, HACK O'HARA
 AND A POLICEMAN ENTER
 THE CEMETERY....



I DON'T LIKE THIS
 HACK.. I MIGHT
 LOSE MY JOB
 OVER IT,
 BUT...

AW
 STOP
 WORRYIN'
 MCCARTHY
 !!!

HERE THEY COME NOW, MCCARTHY..
 DUCK DOWN BEHIND THAT TOMB-
 STONE AND LEAVE THE REST
 TO ME....



MAYBE THIS IS
 A BUM STEER,
 LEFTY.. WHY
 SHOULD THIS
 CABBIE WANTA
 TURN OVER TH'
 STONES LIKE
 THIS?

MAYBE
 HE KNOWS
 HE CAN'T
 GET RID OF
 'EM HIMSELF..
 ..AND
 WE CAN!!





LOOKING FOR ME, BOYS?

L...L...LOOK IT'S ALEXIS'S FALSE TEETH!! T..THEY'RE TALKIN' T..TO US!!



DON'T USE YER GUN! THIS'S A TRICK.. WE KNOW WE KILLED ALEXIS..

NO!! NO!! LEMME BLAST 'EM!!



THERE MCCARTHY! YOU HEARD 'EM SAY THEY KILLED ALEXIS.. LET'S GRAB 'EM!

OKAY HACK!!

WHAT??



HERE'S ONE RIDE YOU'RE GETTING FROM HACK O'HARA... AND FREE!!



AND THANKS FOR THIS STRAY GUN... OOPS.. SORRY...



HACK AND OFFICER MCCARTHY EXCHANGE VICIOUS SHOTS WITH THE HOODLUMS...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER....

NICE SHOOTIN' HACK! GETTIN' 'EM IN THE LEGS LIKE THAT IS THE REAL STUFF!!

GIVES 'EM A CHANCE TO THINK THINGS OVER EH, MAC?



THEN..WITH THE THUGS TIED UP AND PILED IN A CAB,...

THIS'LL BE A FEATHER IN YOUR CAP DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS MCCARTHY... MAD THAT I TOOK YOU ALONG??

NO INDEED.. BUT HOW DID YOU EVER ESCAPE THE COPS?



LATER.. IN THE OFFICE OF HACK'S TAXI COMPANY....

O'HARA, HERE'S A LITTLE BONUS.. YOU'RE A CREDIT TO THE SILVER FLEET COMPANY!!!

THANKS.. BUT THAT LAST FARE DID TURN OUT TO BE A LITTLE TOUGH, SIE!!

BRIAN O'BRIEN, WEALTHY PLAYBOY, PLAYS THE DUAL ROLE OF THE CLOCK-HOLDING HIGH FROM THE EVIL CLUTCHES OF CRIME, THE IDEALS OF JUSTICE

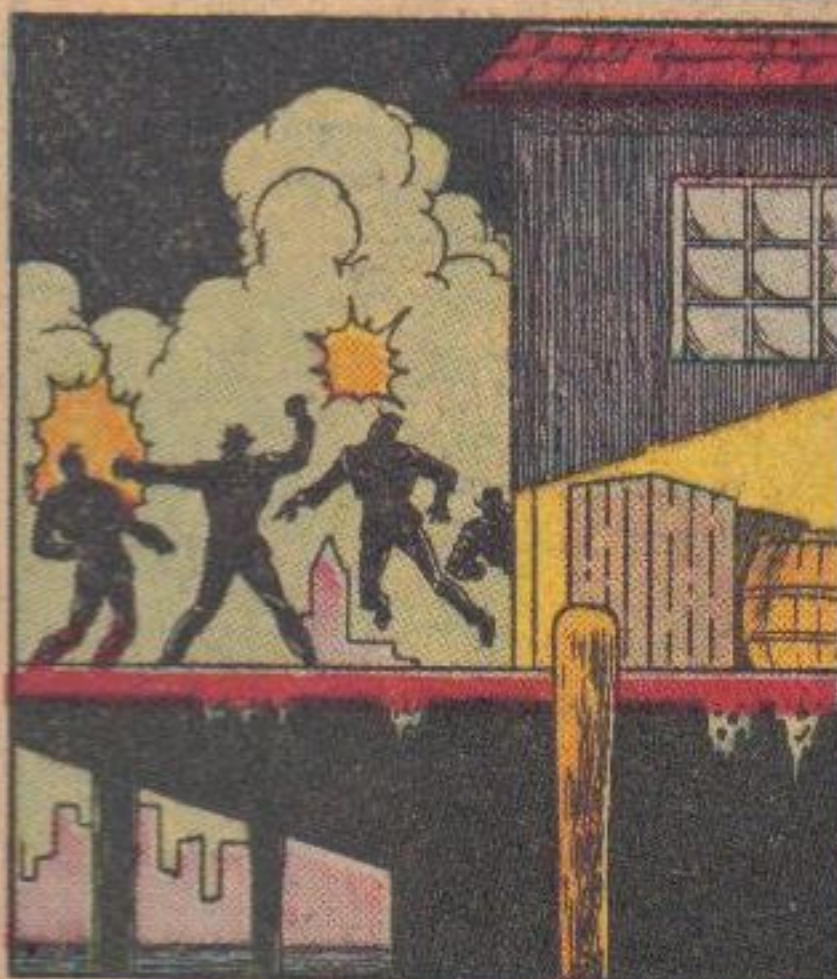
HAVING TRAILED THE DOPE SMUGGLING MOB OF "COKEY" COEN TO THEIR WATERFRONT HIDE-OUT, THE CLOCK IS BUSILY ENGAGED IN A ONE SIDED BATTLE---

The **C**
L

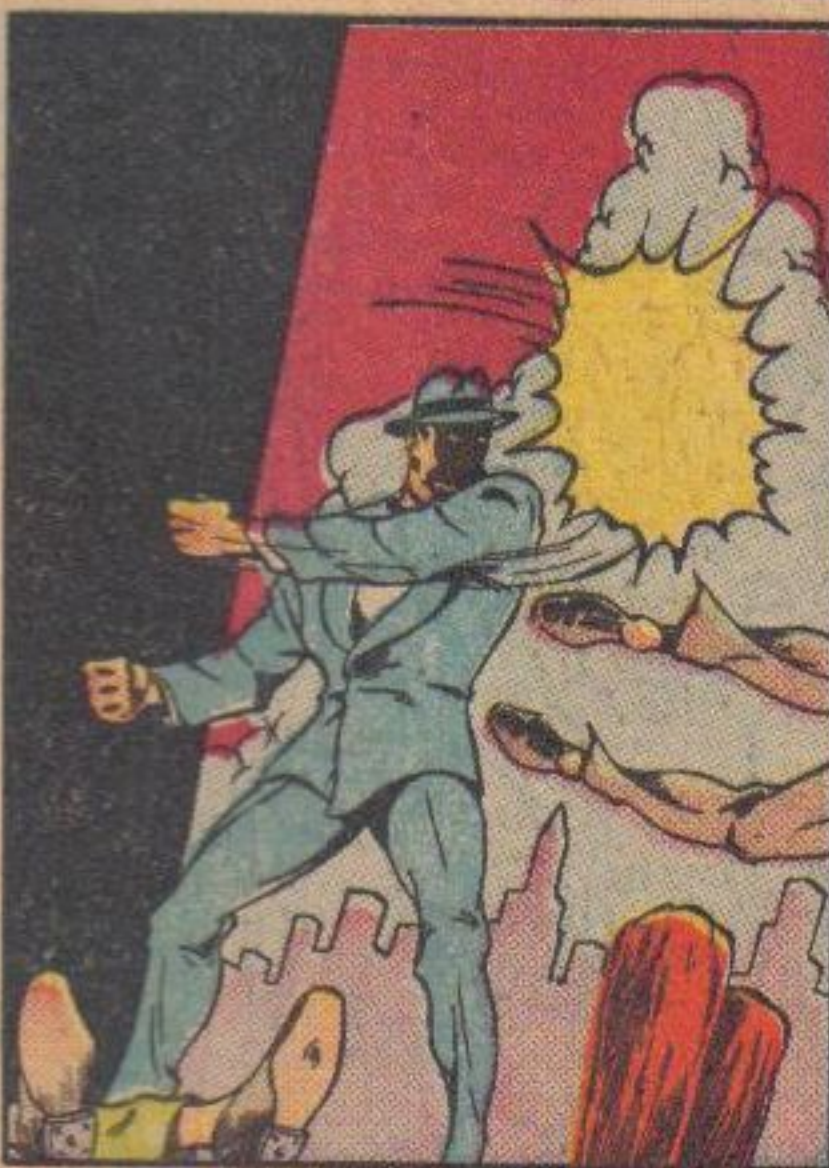
O

C

K



ONE OF THE GANG, BADLY BEATEN BUT NOT LICKED-- STILL HAS HOPES OF WIDING OUT THE GALLANT FIGURE---



I KIN DO IT---I KIN DO IT--

IN A WEAK HOARSE VOICE HE CALLS OUT A NAME---

A FRIGHTENED, SNIVELING WEAKLING COMES FROM BEHIND AN OLD PACKING CASE--



MOUSE-MOUSE!! COME OUTA YER HOLE, YA RAT--



D-DID HE-- G-GO??

NO, YA YELLA RAT-- BUT I GOT A PLAN TA KILL HIM--ALL YOU DO IS KEEP YER GUN HANDY AN' DO AS I TELL YA--NOW GIT BACK IN YER HOLE--





CLOCK- CLOCK--I'M-DONE-FER-- AN' I WANNA TALK BEFORE I--DIE-- I'LL GIVE YA TH' LOW-DOWN-ON TH' MOB-- WHO TH' LEADER IS ---



OKAY, TAKE IT EASY, FELLOW-- NOW LET'S HAVE IT!!

COME-- CLOSER--I- I'M GETTIN'-WEAKER--



AS THE CLOCK BENDS CLOSER, THE FEIGNING DOPE PEDDLER DRAWS A GUN---

SUCKER-

BANG



GHAAA--



BLAST AWAY, MOUSE-I ONLY HAD ONE SLUG-FINISH TH' JOB!!

BANG!
BANG!



AND BULLET AFTER BULLET TEARS THROUGH THE CLOCK'S BODY----



I KILT TH' CLOCK-I'M BIG TIME-I'M MOUSE-TH' CLOCK KILLER!!



CLAMUP, YA CHEAP HANGER-ON --I SET TH' STAGE, DIDN'T I---



LET'S SCRAM!!

MINUTES LATER, THE RIDDLED
BODY OF THE CLOCK STIRS---



CAN'T-BE--
FOUND-MUST-
KEEP-IDENTITY--
S-SECRET---



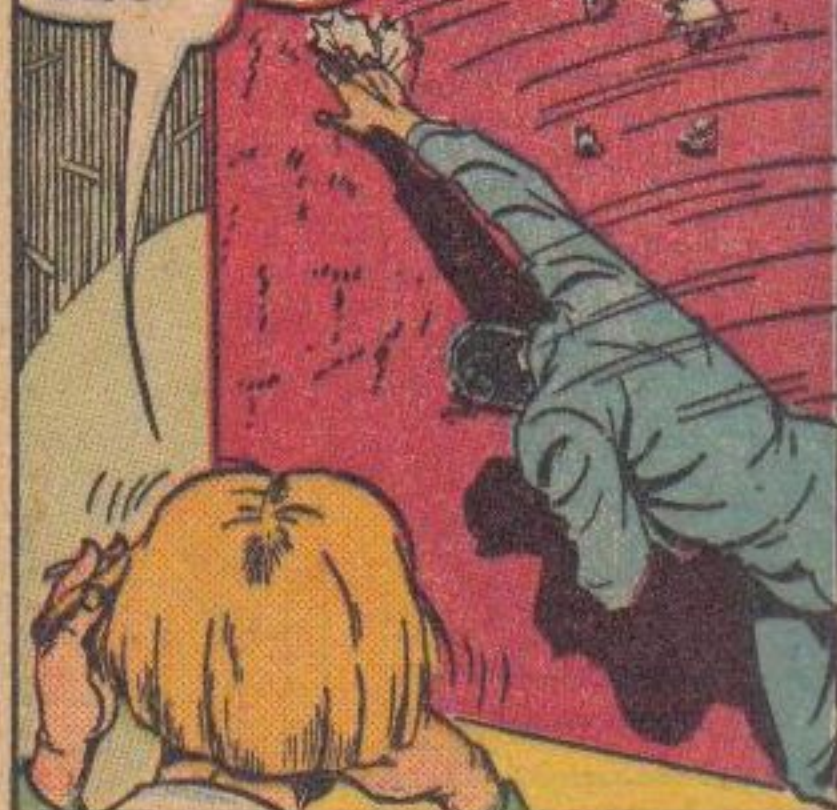
BLINDED BY PAIN HE
STAGGERS DOWN THE STEPS
OF A DESERTED SHACK----



HEY!-WHAT'S
THE IDEA O' BUSTIN'
IN ON A LADY
WHEN SHE'S
DRESSIN'!?



OHhhh--THE POOR
MAN, HE--HE'S HURT--
I MUST GET
HIM ON THE
BED----



THE DAYS TURN INTO MONTHS---PRAYER AND SKILLFUL,
CHILDISH CARE NURSES THE CLOCK BACK FROM THE BRINK
OF THE GREAT BEYOND----



PLEASE DON'T
LET THIS MAN
DIE--EVEN IF
HE IS A
GANGSTER--
PLEASE---



HERE, DRINK THIS
MILK-IT WILL MAKE
YOU STRONG-



WHAT'S YOUR NAME
LITTLE GIRL-I
OWE MY
LIFE TO
YOU--

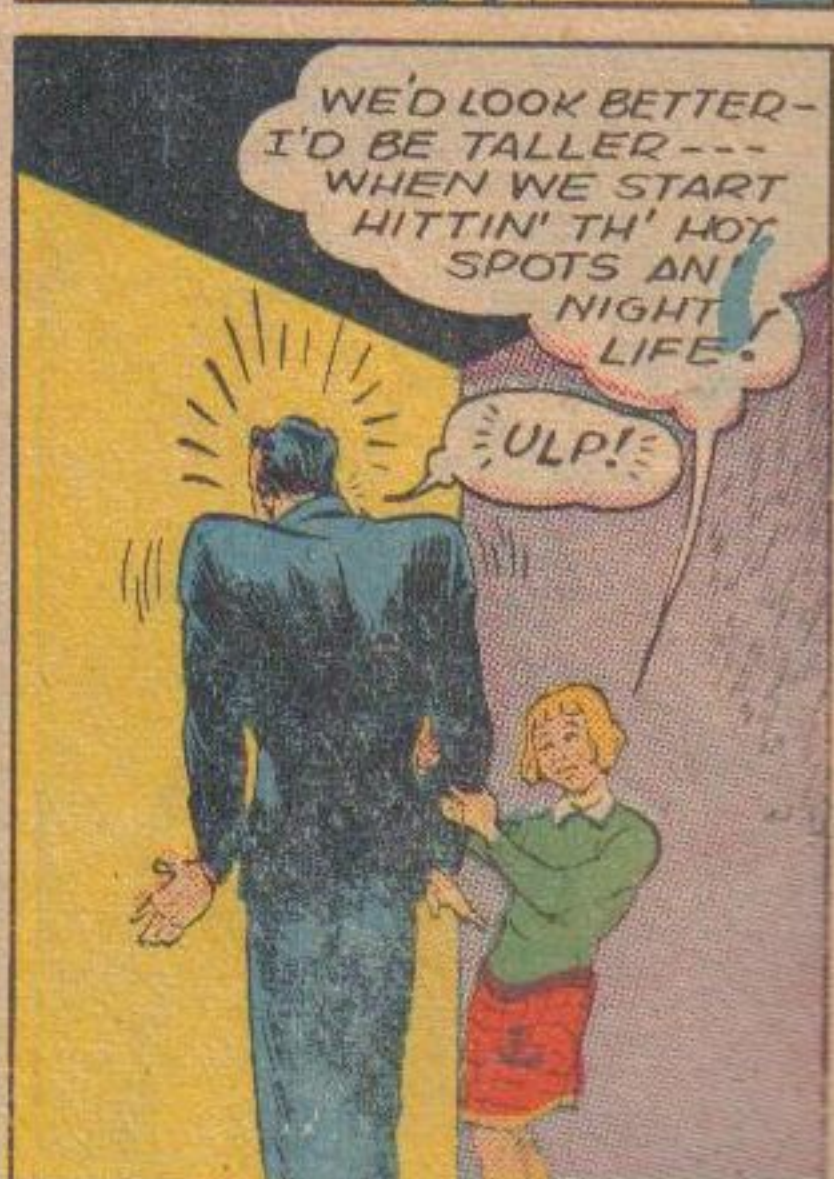
EVERY-
BODY CALLS
ME BUTCH--
AND I DID AS
MUCH FOR
A DOG
ONCE--





THEN ONE DAY THE CLOCK IS
WELL ENOUGH TO LEAVE---







MEANWHILE BUTCH MAKES HER WAY IN THROUGH A REAR WINDOW----



I WONDER WHERE HE IS ---- OH OH, ON THE OTHER END OF WHERE THAT BABY STARTED FROM I'LL BET---



AND AS EACH MOBSTER COMES THROUGH THE DOOR, BUTCH ADDS A FINISHING TOUCH TO THE CLOCK'S WORK-



BUTCH!! - I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO----



YEAH-AN' IF I HAD ON HIGH HEELS, I'D MAKE A BETTER IMPRESSION ON THESE LUGS---- LOOK-BEHIND YOU!!

NOT THIS TIME YOU DON'T!



SUDDENLY A SCREAM SPLITS THE AIR--



BUTCH!! - BUTCH!! - I'M COMING!!



YOU LITTLE WENCH-- I'LL KILL YOU!!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK-

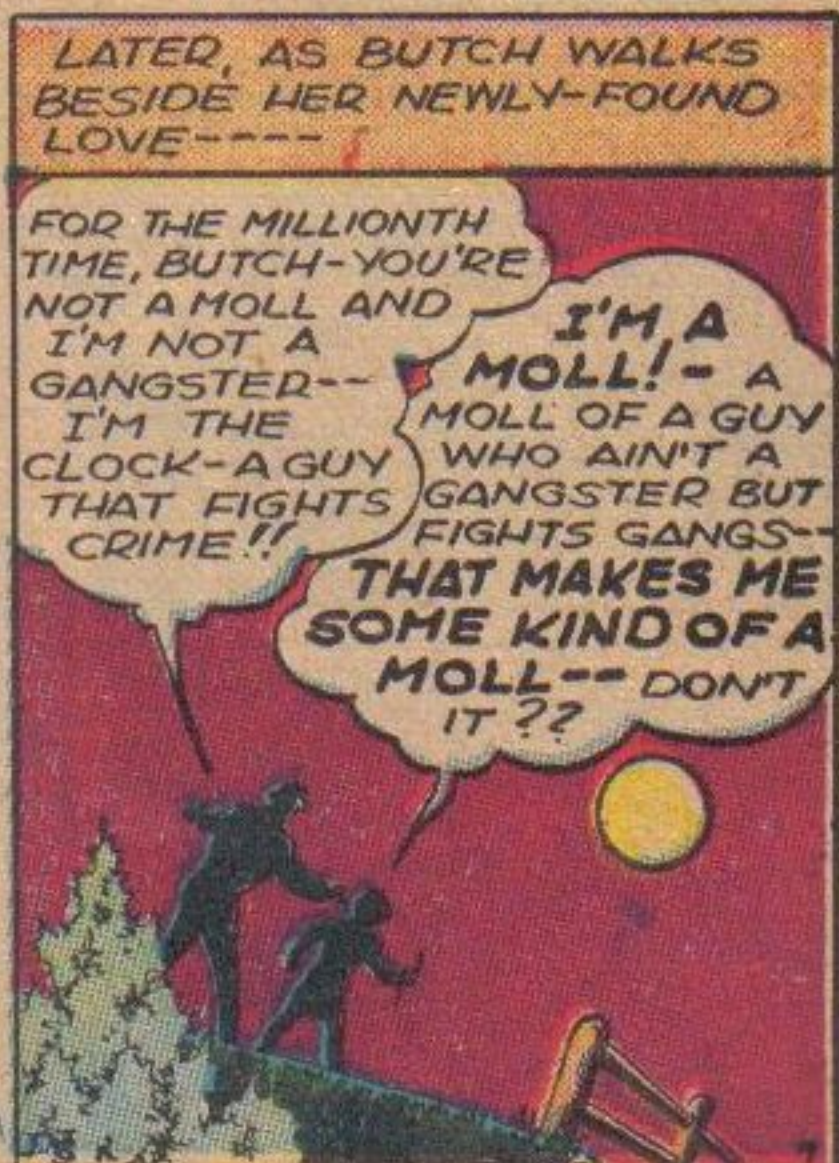
MY HERO!! SMACK



NO-BUTCH-NOT NOW- WE GOT TO CALL THE COPS TO COME AND GET THESE MUGS--

LATER, AS BUTCH WALKS BESIDE HER NEWLY-FOUND LOVE----

FOR THE MILLIONTH TIME, BUTCH-YOU'RE NOT A MOLL AND I'M NOT A GANGSTER-- I'M THE CLOCK-A GUY WHO AIN'T A GANGSTER BUT FIGHTS CRIME!!



THAT MAKES ME SOME KIND OF A MOLL-- DON'T IT??

Don't miss the next thrilling installment of The Clock in the March issue of CRACK COMICS.

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Beauchamp and Maxwell E. Ross

JANE HAS A GUN ON THE THIEF OF THE BOMB SIGHT. SUDDENLY THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

I'LL OPEN THE DOOR. DON'T WORRY I WON'T TRY ANYTHING

THE PLANE'S READY, RETTOR! HURRY!!

GOOD!

EVERYTHING'S GOING FINE!! COME IN!!

CRASH!

NICE WORK, VELK!!

HERE'S HER GUN!!

SMART GIRL, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH!

TALK FAST!! WHO DO YOU WORK FOR? HOW DID YOU TRACE ME?

I'M A GOVERNMENT AGENT!

THERE WERE NO BLOODSTAINS WHERE GLADE WAS FOUND, BUT THERE WAS IN THIS ROOM!!

LOCK HER UP IN THIS CLOSET, AND LET'S SCRAM!!

O.K., CHIEF!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS-

"SECRET AGENTS ARE WATCHING THIS ROOM!"

TRAPPED!

WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR A LIVING IF YOU MOVE HERE TO SPARROW GULCH, DANDY JIM?

ME? OH, I'M, AH, A RETIRED CAPITALIST!!!

MY LAND.. DON'T YOU HAVE TO WORK AT ALL??

WELL-AHEM- A STORE WOULD BE REFINED, BUT YOU'VE ALREADY GOT A STORE!

WE WOULDN'T WANT TWO!

HOWDY DANDY JIM.. HOW'S BUSINESS IN TH' CITY?

HE'S NOT IN BUSINESS NOW!!

THAT'S RIGHT.. I'M RETIRED!!

WAL WHUT HAPPENED TO YORE LIVERY STABLE?

THAT'S-AHEM- LIQUIDATED..

TSK.. I ALLUS HEERD LICKER AN' BUSINESS DON'T MIX!!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, HE MEANS HE WENT OUT OF BUSINESS!

WHY DIDN'T HE SAY SO.. FOLKS WILL BE RIDIN' GAS BUGGIES AFORE LONG

PEOPLE BEEN RIDIN' IN CARS FOR YEARS..

THAT'S WHY I'M LIQUIDATED!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE FOR MEN

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harrett and Russell E. ...

THE PERRY BOMB SIGHT IN OUR HANDS AT LAST, AND WE'RE TRAPPED LIKE RATS!!

THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT!!

THERE IS!!

YOU OFFERED ME \$100,000. TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE DOES IT STILL STAND?

YES, IF YOU CAN DO IT!!

IS THIS A TRICK?

SUPPOSE I WALK PAST THOSE AGENTS WITH YOU??

IT'S WORTH A TRY CHIEF!

ANYTHING'S WORTH A TRY, NOW - BUT HOW DO WE KNOW YOU WON'T DOUBLE-CROSS US?

GIVE ME THE MONEY! IF YOU'RE CAUGHT YOU CAN EXPOSE ME!!

DO YOU THINK I'D WANT TO LOSE ALL THAT DOUGH?

HERE'S THE MONEY, IF WE'RE CAUGHT WE'LL SETTLE WITH YOU FIRST

DON'T WORRY, I'LL GET YOU THROUGH!!

IN THE HOTEL LOBBY STANDS A MAN JANE HAS NEVER SEEN BEFORE

HO-HUM GUESS I'LL GO EAT!!

THERE'S NO ONE WATCHING BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THAT!!

IT'S O.K., BILL.. THESE MEN ARE WITH ME!!

WHY- YES- SURE- I SEE- (GULP) THEY'RE WITH YOU ALL RIGHT-

WHO WAS THAT? WHAT WAS SHE TALKING ABOUT?

YUM-YUM- PLRTY TASTY- I ALLUS DID LIKE DILL PICKLES!

WHY UH- HELP YER-SELF, DANDY JIM!!

YE ORTER KEEP THE CAT OUTTA THE CRACKER BARREL

IT KEEPS THE MICE OUT!

THIS CHEESE SHORE IS GOOD!!

IT'S TWENTY CENTS A POUND!!

OH, I DON'T WANT A WHOLE POUND!!

WELL-S' LONG, HONEY!

G-G'BYE!!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE LOVES ME OR IF HE'S HUNGRY!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

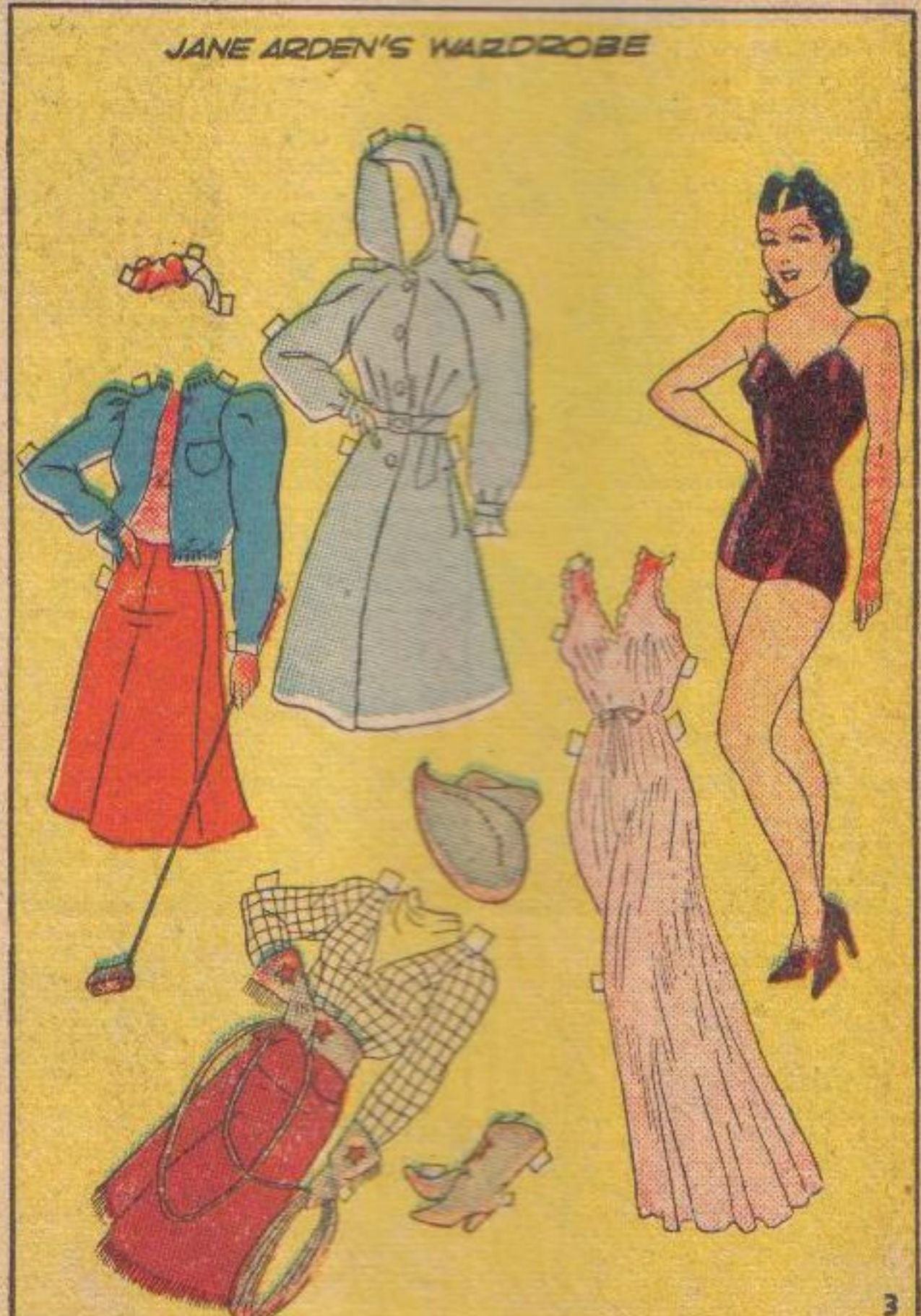
JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell F.

NOT YET.. YOU'RE COMING WITH US 'TIL WE'RE SAFE!!

GOOD WORK— YOU GOT US THROUGH!!

THIS IS WHERE WE PART!



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

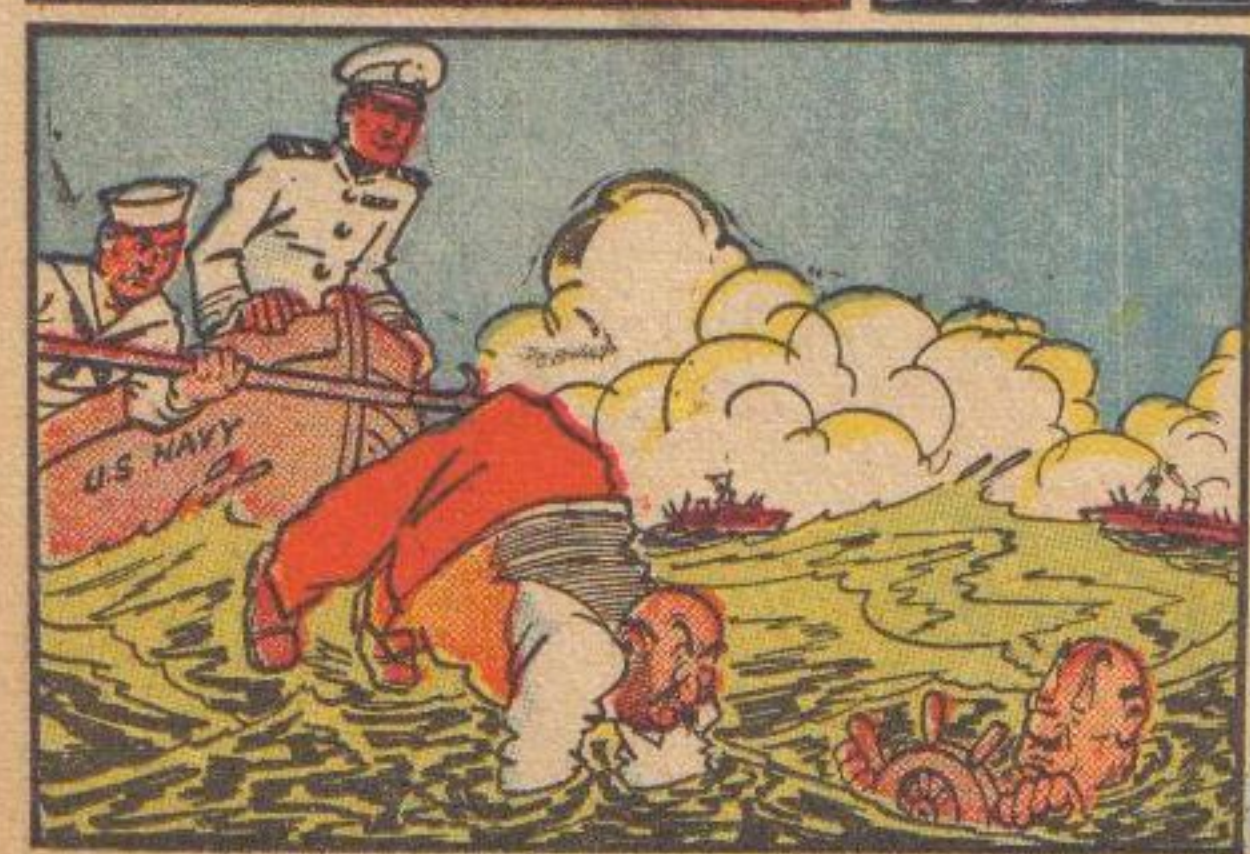
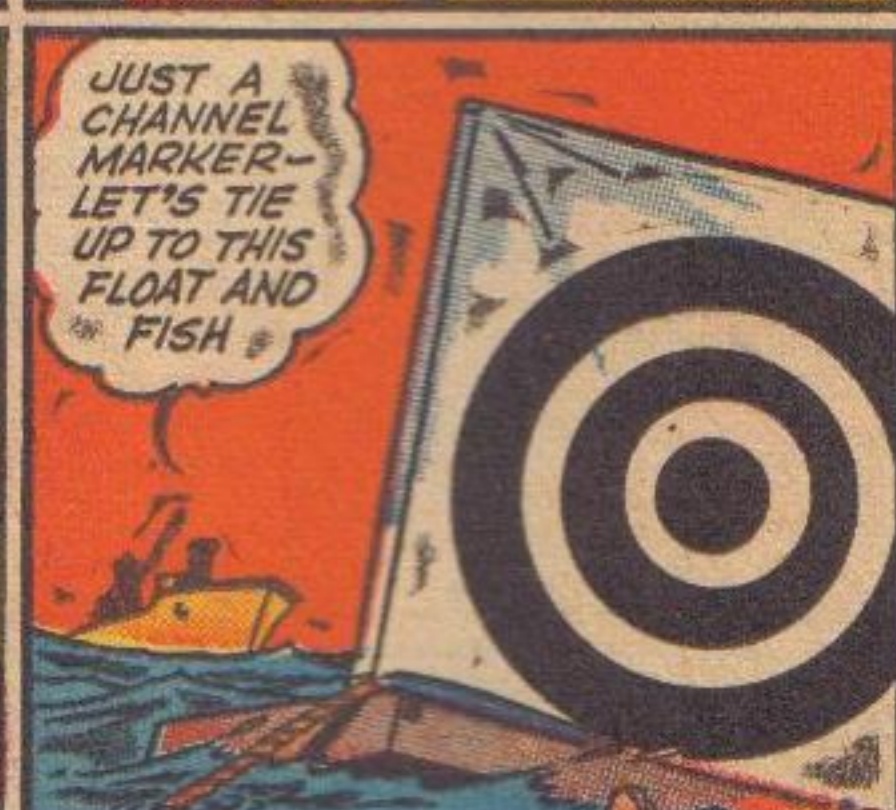


Jane Arden is continued in the March issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale January 14th.

MOLLY the MODEL

I'M GOING FISHING, MOLLY—
DON'T BUY ANYTHING
FOR SUPPER

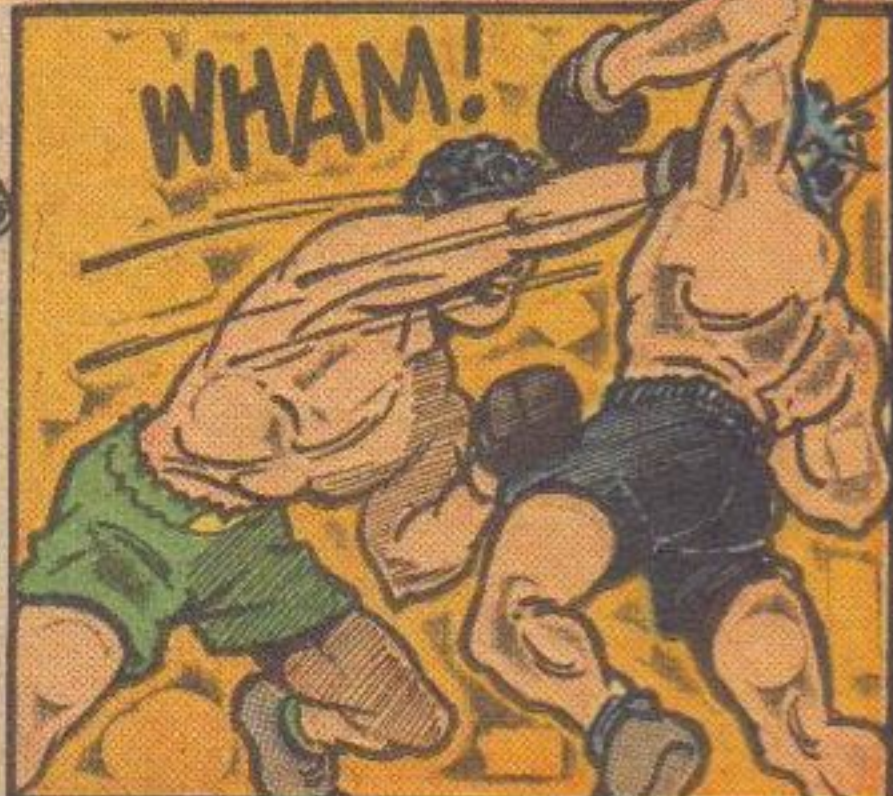
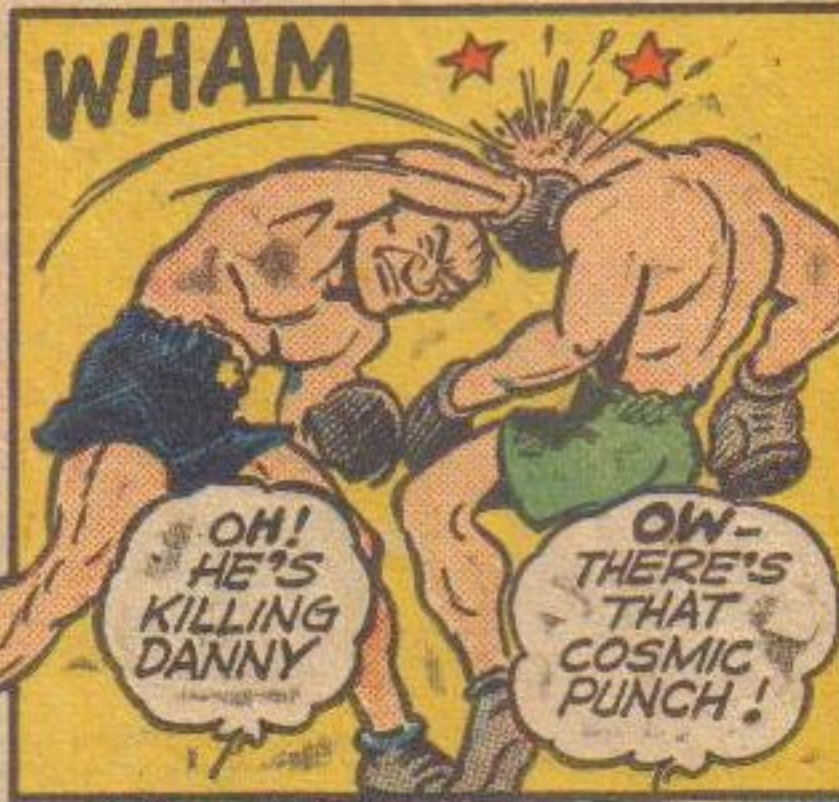
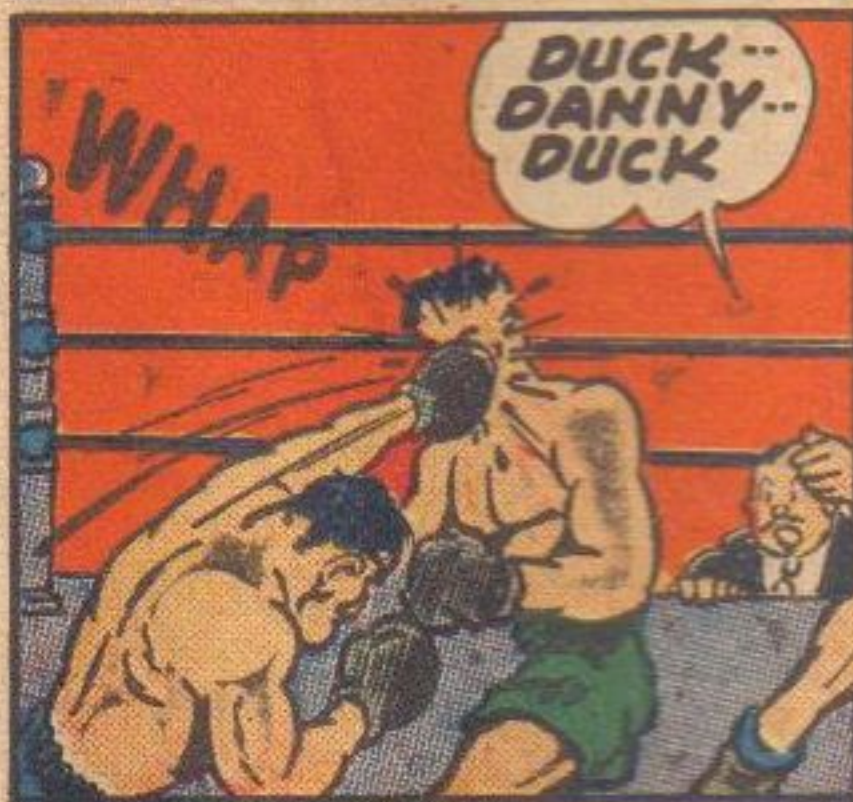
O.K. POP—
TELL THE
MAN AT THE
STORE TO
CLEAN 'EM



**L
A
T
E
R**

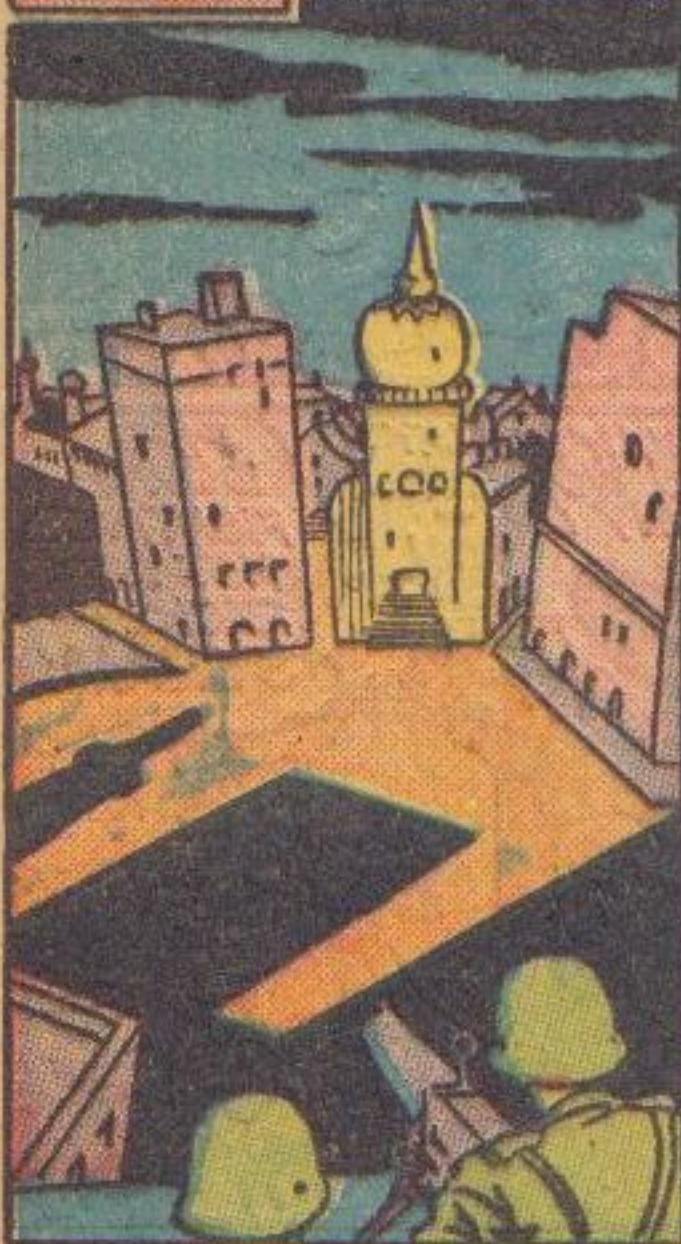


MOLLY THE MODEL





VASTIPOLE SQUARE IS DESERTED.. IT IS MIDNIGHT.. THE MOON CASTS WEIRD SHADOWS THROUGH THE CLOUDS..



SUDDENLY A SEARCH-LIGHT STABS THE BLACK, AND A FIGURE IS SPOTTED BY ALERT SOLDIERS..

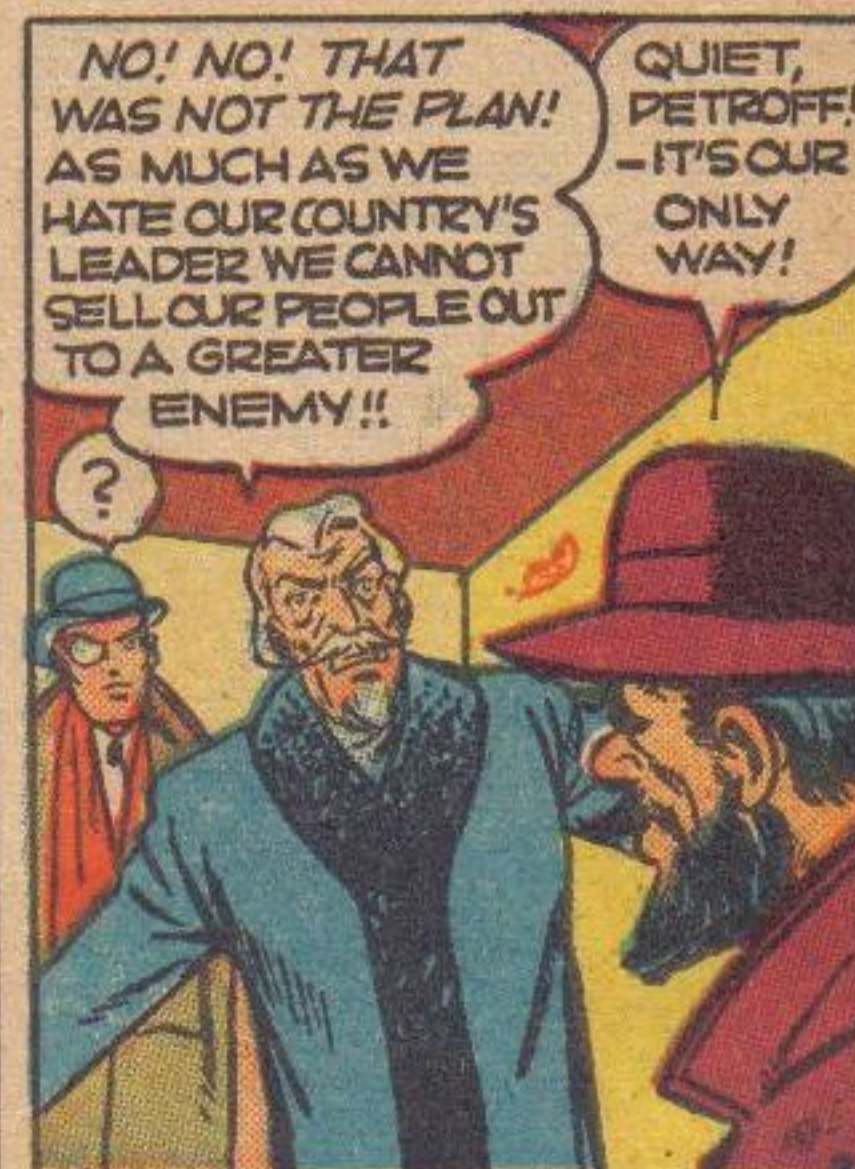


THE LITHE FIGURE DIVES FOR THE SHADOWS AS MACHINE GUNS ECHO THRU THE SQUARE..

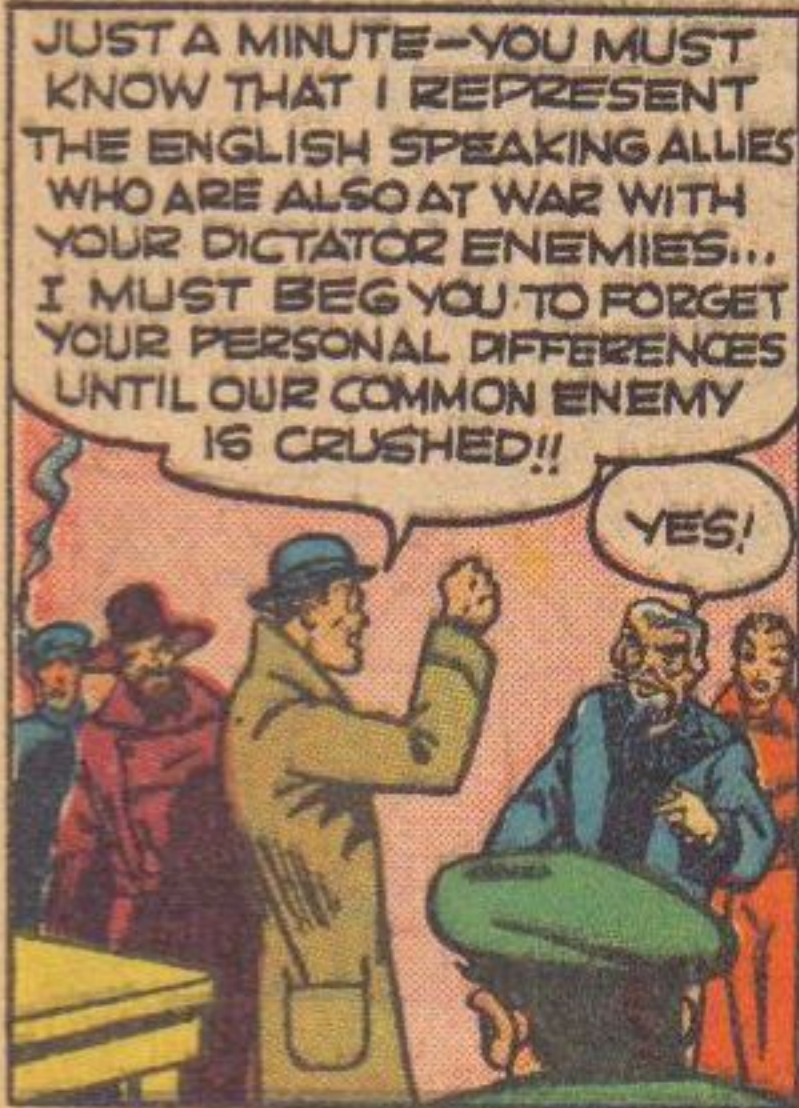
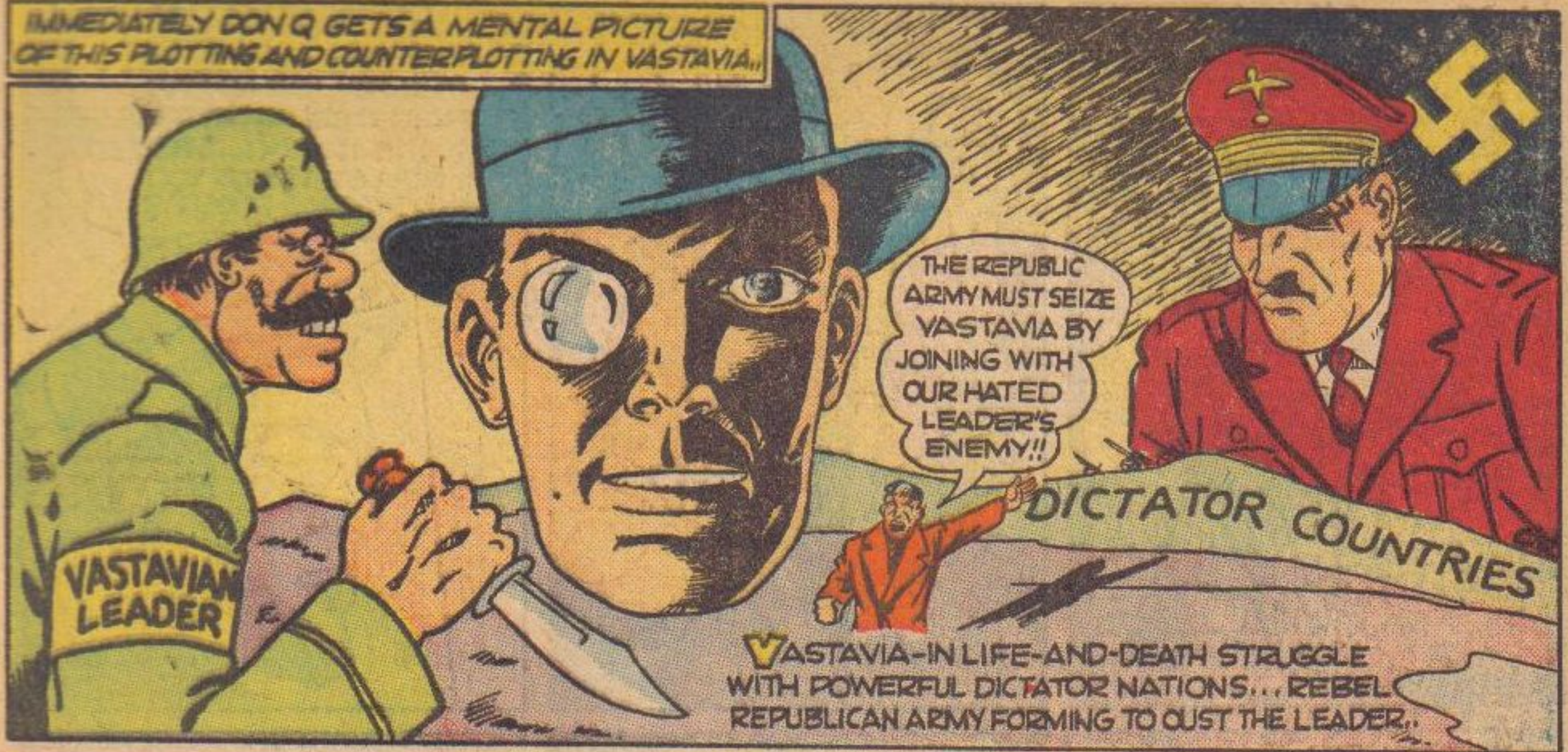


"SOMEONE MUST HAVE INFORMED ON ME.. I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE SECRET MEETING PLACE!!





IMMEDIATELY DON Q GETS A MENTAL PICTURE
OF THIS PLOTTING AND COUNTERPLOTTING IN VASTAVIA!!



THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET
DIES AWAY AND IN THE STILLNESS
PETROFF RISES TO HIS FEET BADLY
WOUNDED.



MEANWHILE...JUST OUTSIDE VASTIPOLE, DON Q'S
FAITHFUL VALET, LITTLE PIERRE, IS WAITING



BUT VASTAVIAN SECRET POLICE
SPOT PIERRE AND PETROFF...



FIGHTING AGAINST OVERWHELMING
ODDS LITTLE PIERRE IS FINALLY OVER-
POWERED..



AT THE LEADER'S HEADQUARTERS..





SILENCE!
DO YOU KNOW
THIS HULK?

HE IS MY
ASSISTANT, YOUR
EXCELLENCY!



MY EXALTED LEADER,
THIS MAN JUST AIDED
YOUR ENEMY, PETROFF,
ESCAPE OUR PATROL...
HE IS UNQUESTIONABLY
A MEMBER OF THE
REBEL PARTY!



THEN MY
FATHER
ISN'T
DEAD!!

SHH! IF YOUR
FATHER WAS IN
POWER HE WOULD
CONTINUE THE WAR ON
THE SIDE OF THE
ALLIES AND THIS
TROUBLE WOULD
BE ENDED!!



LEADER OF VASTAVIA!
SINCE IT IS IMPORTANT TO
OUR CAUSE THAT THIS REVOL-
UTION IS CRUSHED, I WILL
TELL YOU WHERE THE LEADERS
OF THE REBEL ARMY WILL
BE TONIGHT!!



TELL ME WHERE...
I WILL PERSONALLY
LEAD A COUP TO WIPE
THEM ALL OUT!!



TONIGHT AT MID-
NIGHT THE REBELS
ARE PLANNING TO
SEIZE THE VASTIPOLE
ARSENAL!!



LATER

HE FELL
FOR IT! QUICK,
PIERRE, GET IN TOUCH
WITH PETROFF-TELL
HIM TO BE READY
TO TAKE OVER!

I DO
ZAT!!



WHERE
IS
MY
FATHER
?

HE EES
AT ZE
DOCTOR'S
.. I WEEEL
TAKE YOU
TO HEEM

..AND TELL
HIM TO LAY
LOW TILL AFTER
THE SHOOTING!
I HAVE ONE
IMPORTANT
THING TO DO
!!



AT SUNDOWN DON Q IS PLAN-
NING A BOLD STROKE WITH THE
FATE OF THE ALLIES AT STAKE

COMRADE!! I
HAVE STARTLING
NEWS.. TELL YOUR
LEADERS THAT
THE VASTAVIAN
DICTATOR IS
HOLDING A MEET-
ING IN THE VAST-
IPOLE ARSENAL
AT MIDNIGHT!

OUR
HOUR
HAS
COME!



AND AT MIDNIGHT-DON Q'S TRAP
IS WORKING...

LOOK, DON,
EET IS ZE
REBEL LEADERS
APPROACHING
ZE ARSENAL!

INSIDE THE ARSENAL



WHAT IS THIS?
THE PLACE IS
EMPTY... THERE
IS NO MEETING
HERE!!

WAIT!!
WE ARE
TOO EARLY
THEY ARE
ONLY COMING
!!

**AS THE VASTAVIAN DICTATOR
NEARS THE REBEL-FILLED ARSENAL**



LOOK!
I SEE
RIFLES
GLINTING
AT THE
WINDOWS!?

THEN THEY ARE
WAITING FOR US...
SO DON Q THOUGHT
I WOULD WALK INTO
A TRAP EH? I
WILL FIX THEM
HA-HA-HA!!



SOMETHING'S WRONG,
PIERRE, BY NOW THEY
SHOULD BE WALKING
INTO EACH OTHER--
BLASTING EACH OTHER
TO BITS...

LOOK!
A
PLANE
IS
COMING
!!



IT'S CIRCLING
OVER THE ARSENAL
...GREAT GUNS! IF
THEY DROP A BOMB
MY PLANS ARE
RUINED!!!!



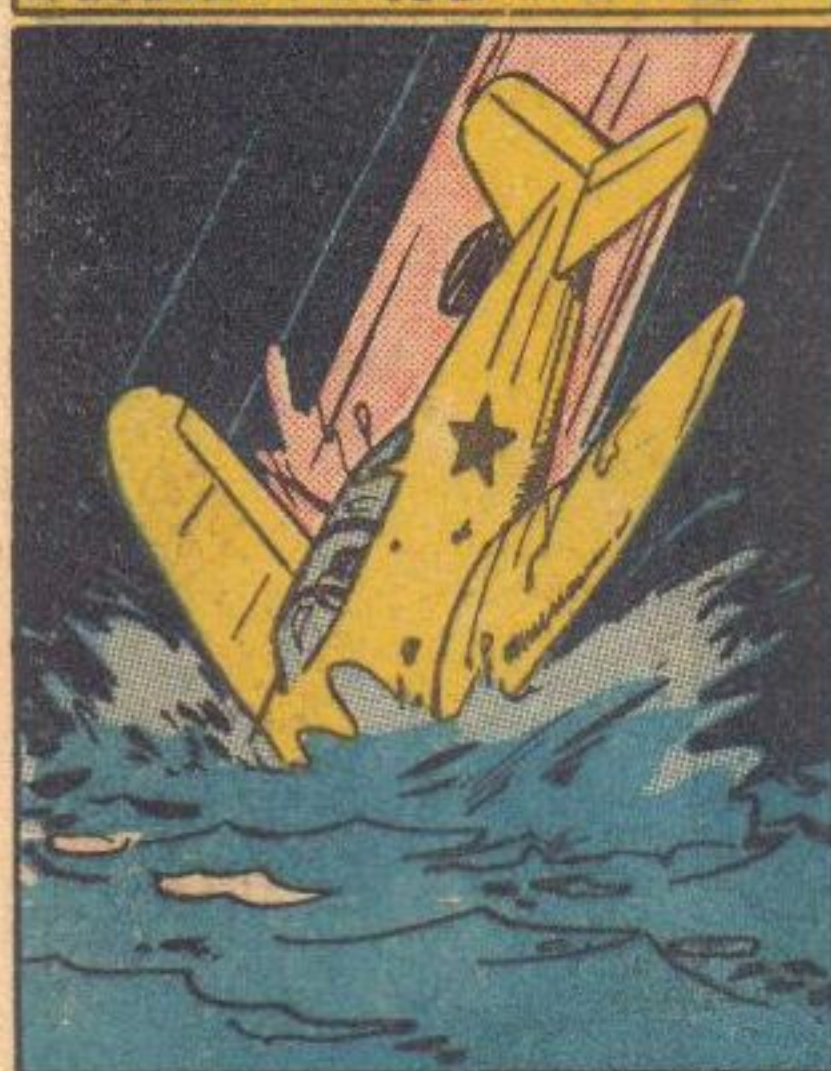
HERE IT
COMES—
GET
DOWN!!

BLAM



IT MISSED
—BUT THIS
BETTER
NOT!!

**THE BOMBING PLANE FALLS WITH
A BULLET THROUGH THE PILOT...**



**AND THE REBELS RUSH FROM THE
ARSENAL TO MEET THE BLAZING
GUNS OF THE DICTATOR**

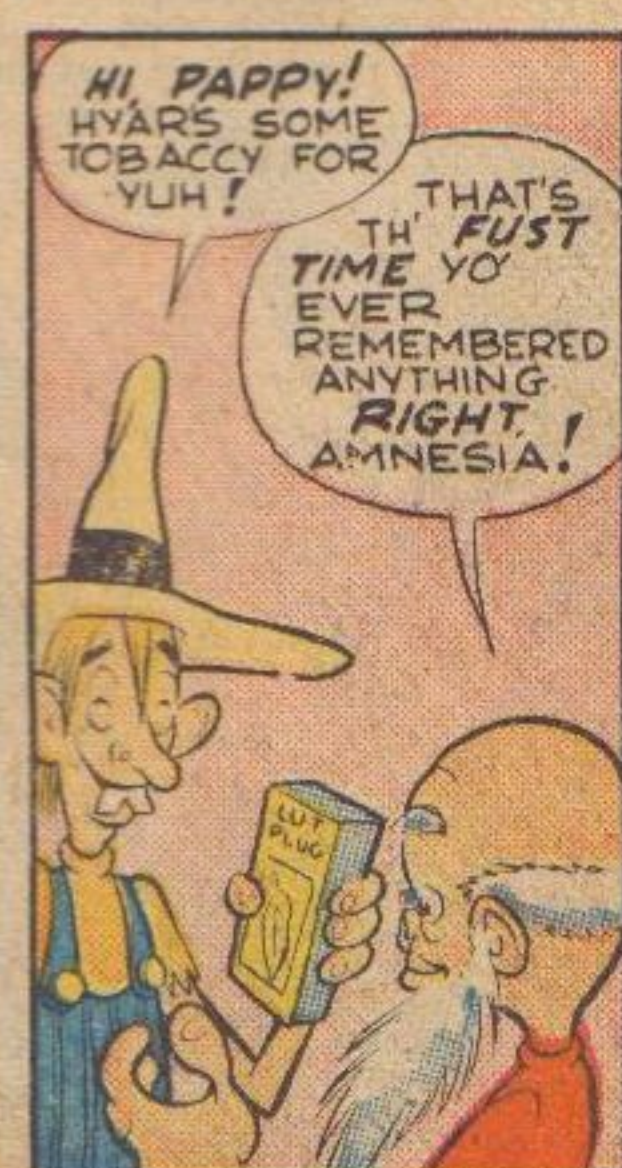
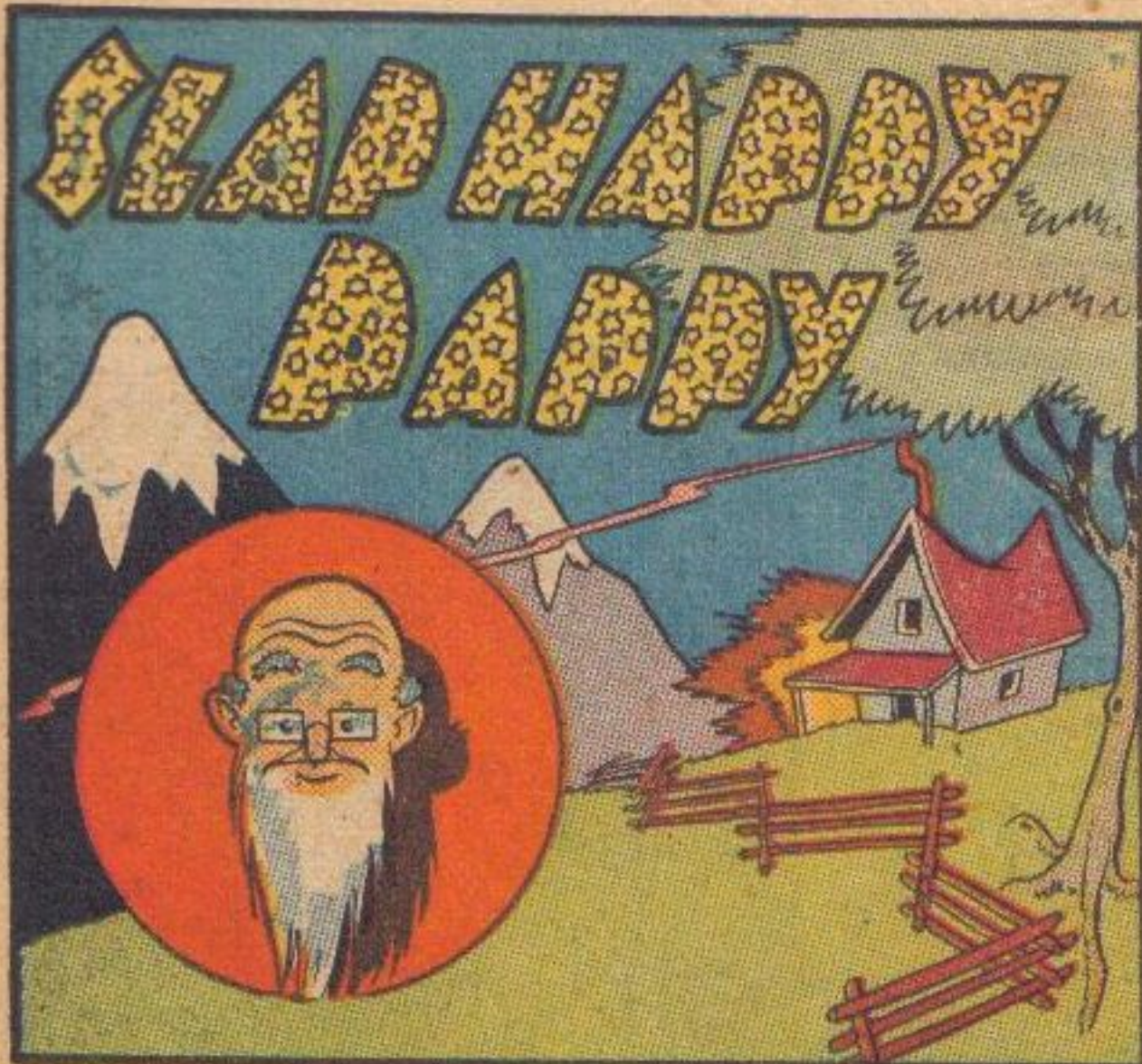


OH!!

**THE NEXT DAY ALL VASTAVIA HAILS
PETROFF, THEIR NEW BELOVED LEADER**

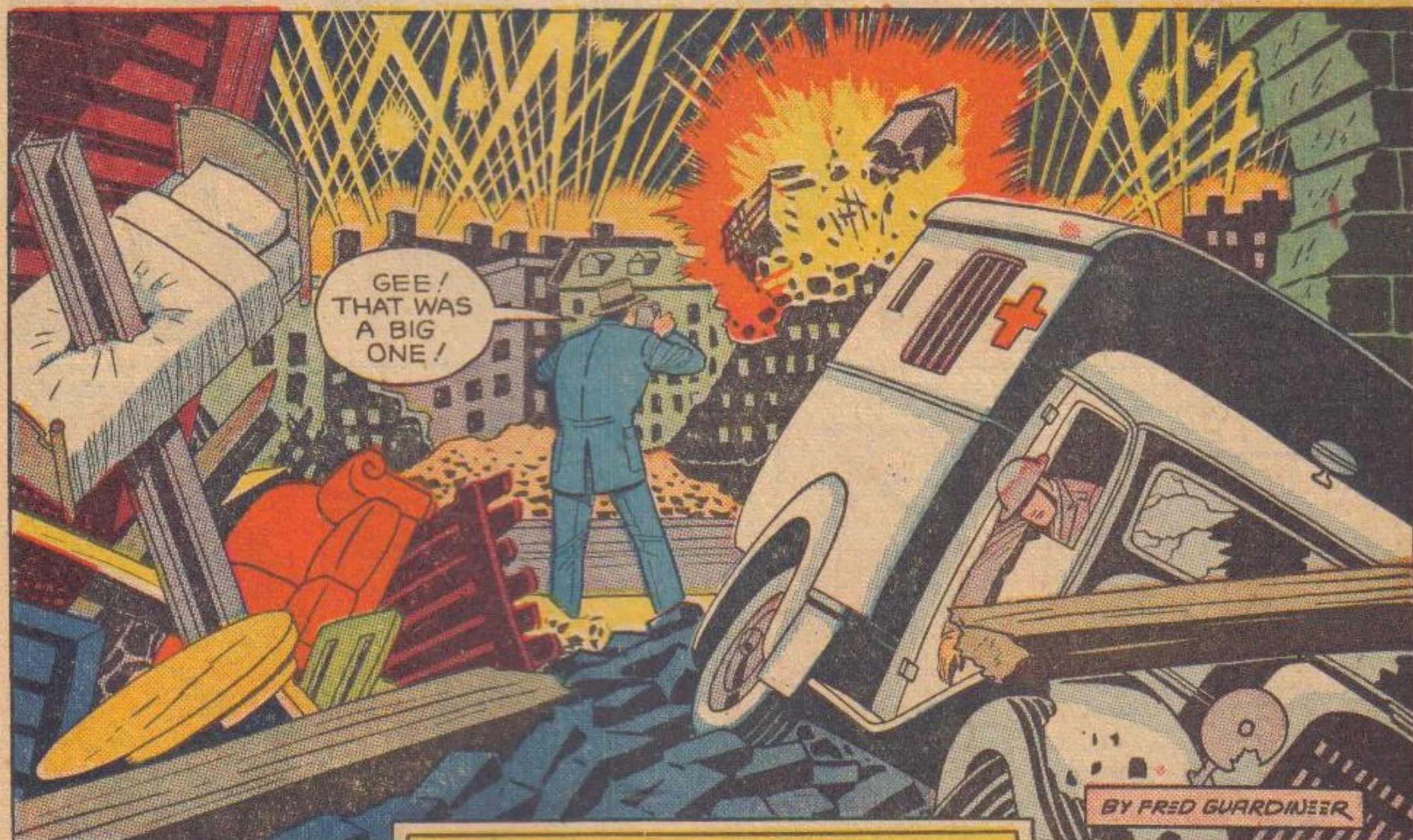


I OWE MY
SUCCESS TO
ONLY ONE MAN,
MY GOOD PEOPLE,
DON Q !!



★ TOR ★

THE MAGIC MASTER



JIM SLADE, THE ROVING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER SECRETLY BECOMES TOR THE MAGIC MASTER WHEN HE DONS HIS MOUSTACHE AND MAGICIAN'S OUTFIT... ON A TOUR OF LONDON TO GET PHOTOGRAPHS FOR HIS PAPER, JIM SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN THE THICK OF A NAZI NIGHT RAID ON THE WAR-TORN ENGLISH CITY.

IN THE SHELTER OF A RUINED HOUSE JIM QUICKLY PUTS ON HIS MOUSTACHE...



AND BECOMES TOR THE MAGIC MASTER!



TOR STEPS DOWN INTO THE SHELTER.

BY JOVE-TOR THE
MAGIC MASTER!

SHOW US SOME
FEATS OF LEGER-
DEMAIN, SIR!



BUT OUTSIDE A TERRIFIC SHRIEK SOUNDS
AS A BOMB HURTTLES TOWARD THE
BUILDING!

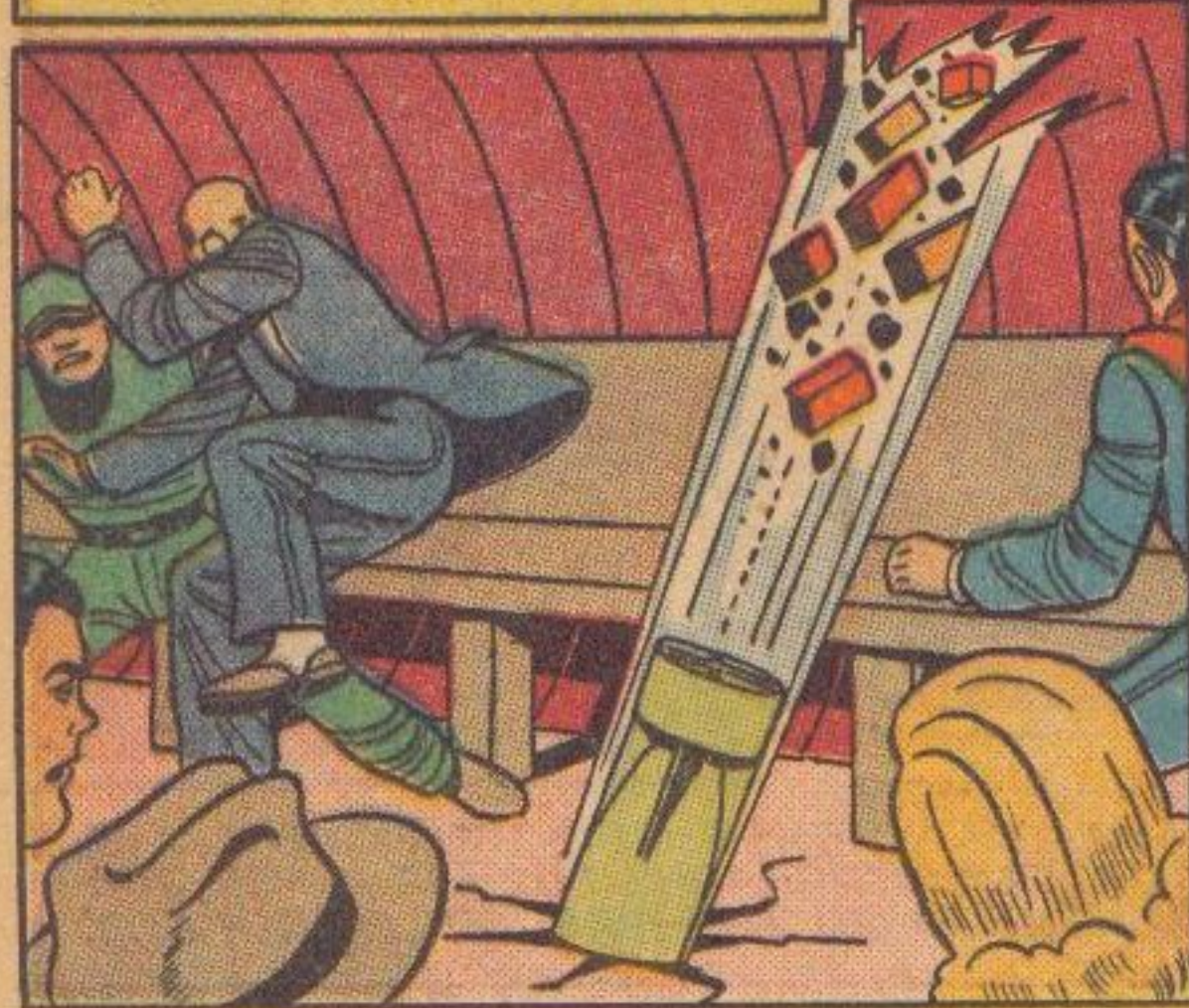
HANG ON - A BIG
ONE'S COMING!



DOWN THROUGH
THE DEATH-RIDDEN
SKIES THE HUGE
BOMB HURTTLES ON
ITS ERRAND OF
DESTRUCTION..



AND CRASHING THROUGH THE SHELTER'S ROOF
IT PLUNGES INTO THE FLOOR!



A DELAYED ACTION
BOMB! GET OUT
OF HERE!



HALT-STAY HERE-
BMOB EMOCEB
A TEUQNAB!



BEFORE THE ASTONISHED EYES OF
THE PEOPLE THE BOMB BECOMES A
BANQUET!

FOOD!

CHEESE!

WONDER-
FUL!



HAVE A GOOD MEAL,
MY FRIENDS! I'M
GOING OUT AND SEE
THE SHOW!



ONCE AGAIN OUT IN THE STREET
TOR SNAPS PICTURES OF THE RUINS.

WHAT A SIGHT-BUT THIS
IS ENOUGH CARNAGE FOR
ONE NIGHT!



I'M TIRED OF THIS
SENSELESS BOMBING-
BOMB, KCHIP EM
PU!

AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND A
LARGE FALLING BOMB SWERVES AND
HALTS IN FRONT OF TOR!

HERE
I AM,
BOSS!

UP INTO THE SKIES,
MY METAL STEED!
AND WE'LL HAVE
SOME FUN!

IMMEDIATELY THE BOMB
SPEEDS BACK INTO THE
AIR LIKE A SKYROCKET!

FAR UP IN THE SKY TOR SEES A LONE
SPITFIRE FIGHTING AGAINST A HOST
OF MESSERSCHMITTS.

STRAIGHT AT THE NAZI
PLANES THE MAGICIAN
STEERS HIS BOMB!

WE'LL HAVE TO
HELP THAT
BRAVE CHAP!

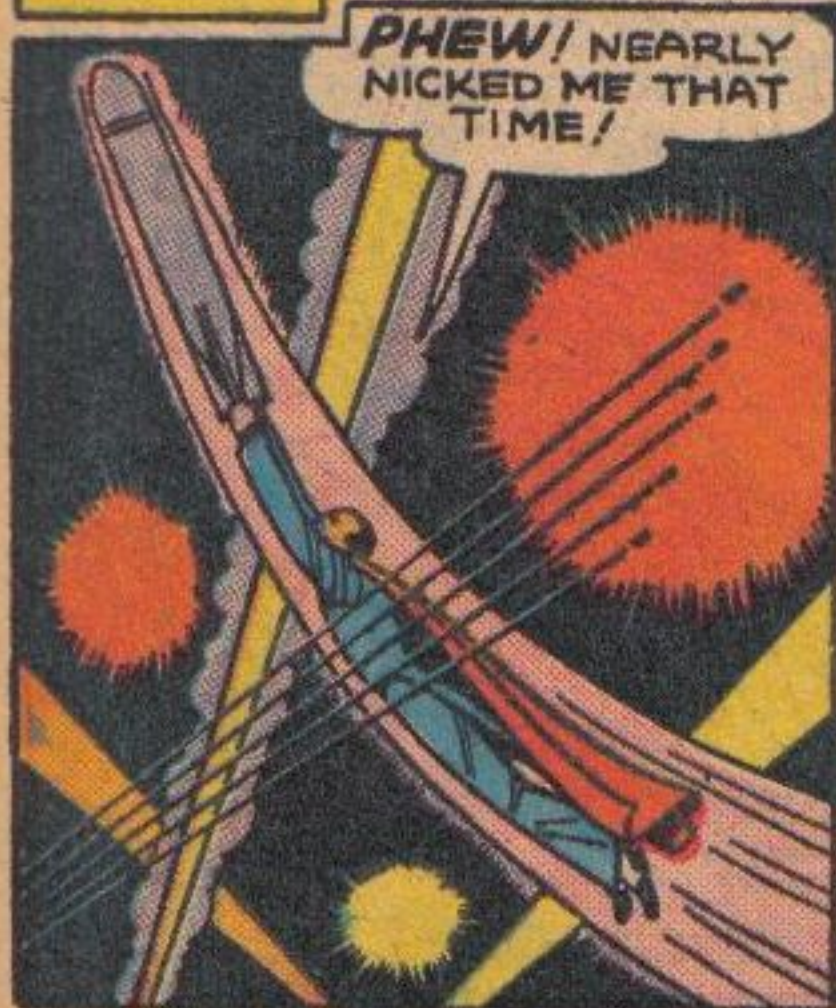
I'LL HANG ON THE
FINS WHILE THIS
BOMB GOES TO WORK!

LEAVING A TRAIL OF CRASHING AND WRECKED PLANES IN HIS WAKE THE ZOOMING AND TWISTING
TOR BREAKS UP THE ENEMY FIGHTER FORMATION!

HIMMEL!

A
COMET!

SUDDENLY A STREAM OF BULLETS WHIZZES PAST THE FLYING MAGICIAN!



NEARBY A HUGE BOMBER LUMBERS BY-ITS GUNNERS SHOOTING AT TOR!



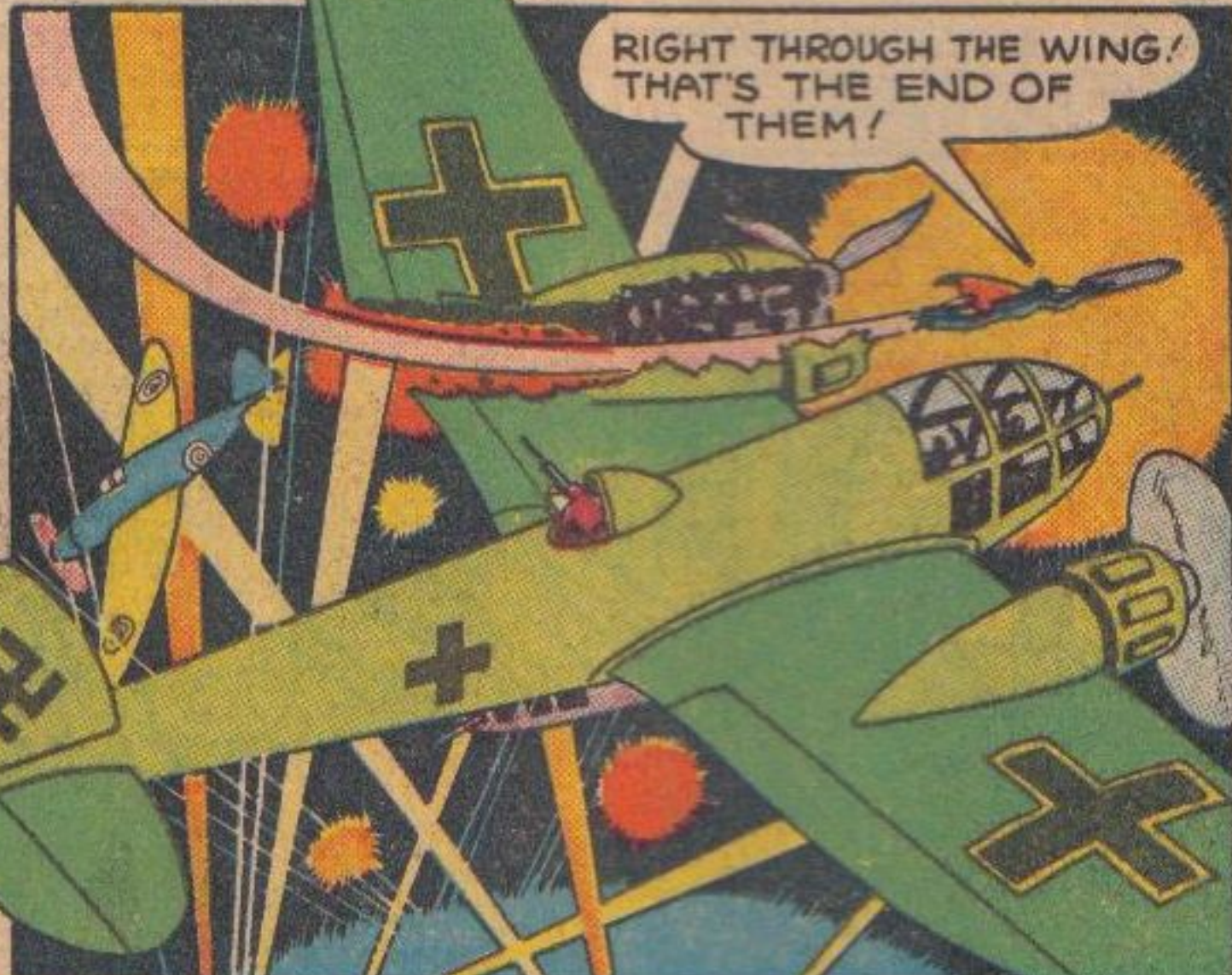
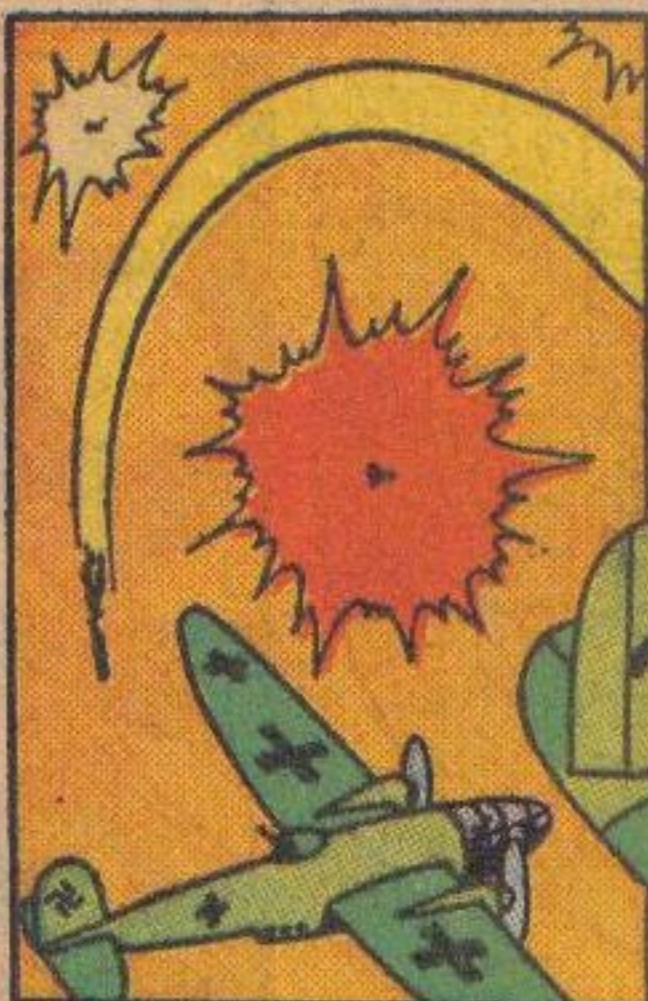
INSIDE THE BOMBER'S GUN BLISTER:



HIMMEL! HE'S GOING TO RAM US-I CAN SEE HIM NOW-IT'S TOR THE MAGICIAN!



ZOOMING DOWNWARD TOR DIVES AT THE PLANE!



QUICKLY THE CREW PARACHUTES TO EARTH AND CAPTIVITY AS THE MACHINE PLUNGES TO ITS DOOM.



CRASHING INTO A FIELD THE BOMBER'S CARGO OF EXPLOSIVES BLOWS THE PLANE TO BITS!



THE REST OF THE LUFTWAFFE, BAFFLED BY THEIR LOSSES, TURN ABOUT AND RACE FOR THE RHINE.



GUESS I CAN RETURN TO EARTH NOW -
DUAL EMNO A
KCAT SYAH!



THE OBEDIANT BOMB QUICKLY DEPOSITS TOR ON A HAYSTACK!



NOW I'LL REWARD YOU -
EGNAHC OT A
TIBBAR!



AND THE BOMB BECOMES A
RABBIT AS TOR GESTURES!



IN A FEW MINUTES TOR CHANG-
ING BACK TO JIM SLADE, RE-
SUMES HIS WORK!



THIS
PRETTY ENGLISH COUNTRY-
SIDE WILL OFFSET THE
PHOTOS OF
DESTRUCTION!

LATER - FLYING BY CLIPPER TO THE UNITED STATES JIM READS OF HIS SECRET EXPLOITS.



WELL - I DID
SOME GOOD,
ANYWAY!

- THE LONDON TIMES -
CAPTURED NAZI AIR-
MEN SAY THEY WERE
KNOCKED DOWN BY
THE MAGICIAN FIGHT
WITH THE R.A.F. STG
VERIFIED BY SPITF
PILOT

IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE JIM HANDS THE PHOTOGRAPHS TO HIS EDITOR.



HERE YOU ARE, CHIEF!
FIRST HAND SHOTS OF
THE LATEST LONDON AIR-
RAID. HOPE YOU NEVER
HAVE TO GO THROUGH
ONE!

WELCOME
BACK, JIM - TOO BAD
YOU COULDN'T HAVE
FLOWN ABOUT A BIT
AND SNAPPED SOME
PICTURES OF TOR IN
ACTION!



LITTLE BUTCH



ALICE VON PEPP LOVED THE FUN AND THE LIGHTS, SO SHE MARRIED A FELLOW WHO RAN AROUND NIGHTS..



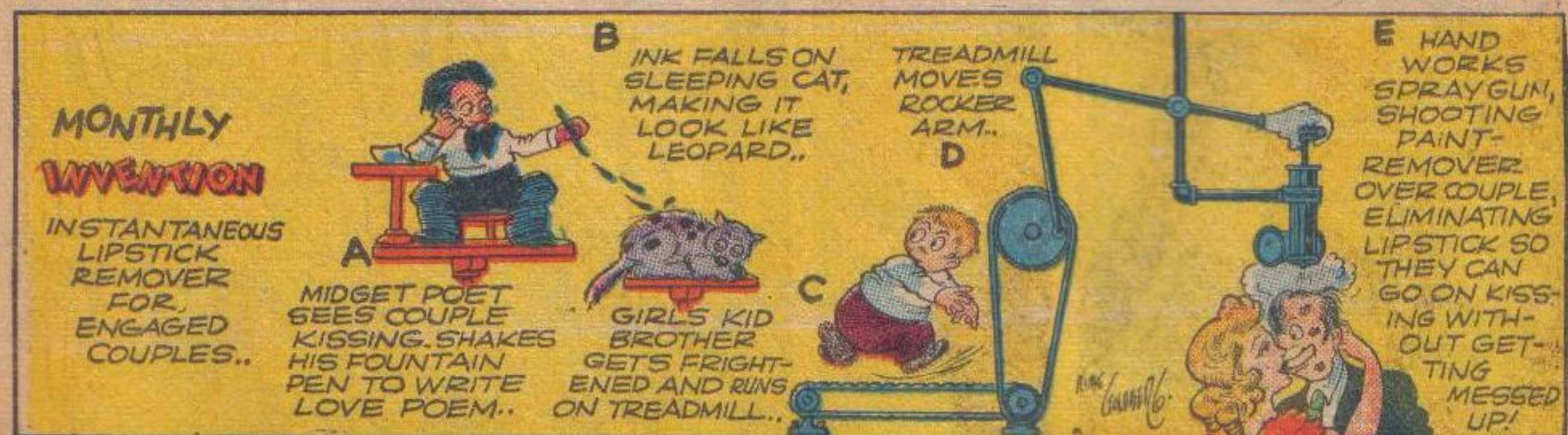
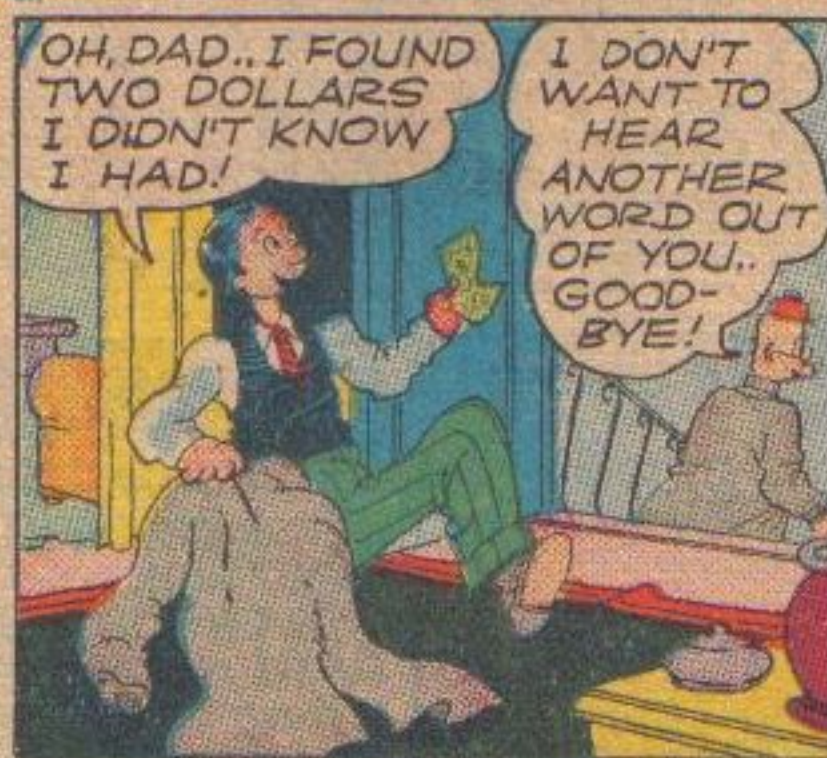
WHILE A FIRESIDE LASSIE NAMED BERTHA DE FOAM FELL IN LOVE WITH A FELLOW WHO LIKED TO STAY HOME..



NOW ALICE, ALAS, NO EXCITEMENT CAN FIND...WHEN HER HUSBAND GOES STEPPING HE LEAVES HER BEHIND..



WHILE ALSO, POOR BERTHA FINDS MUCH TO PROVOKE HER.. HER HUSBAND EACH NIGHT BRINGS HIS FRIENDS TO PLAY POKER..



Rube Goldberg's Side Show appears each month in CRACK COMICS.

MADAM

FATAL

ART
PINAJAN



IN THE FACE OF UNSEEN DANGERS, SCRAPPY NELSON AND TUBBY WHITE HAVE ALIGNED THEMSELVES WITH THE OLD LADY KNOWN AS MADAM FATAL TO FIGHT CRIME.... WITTE DO THEY SUSPECT THAT "SHE" IS NONE OTHER THAN THEIR OLD FRIEND, RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR....



WUTREE!
READ ALL ABOUT
IT! DEFENSE PLANS
STOLEN - F.B.I.
SCOUR CITY.....

IN AN OLD TENEMENT...



SPEAK UP!
DID
YOU FIND
TH'
BASKET?

N-NO
BOSS!

CHEE,
AND
WE
LOOKED
ALL
OVER TH'
LOT, TOO!



FOOLS! IT MUST BE
THERE - I
THREW IT THERE MYSELF -
GET BACK THERE AND
FIND IT - THAT BASKET'S
WORTH ONE MILLION
DOLLARS!

AND IN THE VACANT LOT...



THAT LOOKS SWELL TUBBY— OH-OH... THERE GOES THE PHONE!!

SURE-FIRE DETECTIVE AGENCY



HELLO MADAM....WHAT? YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT A CASE FOR US... SORRY! THIS IS OUR LUNCH HOUR... CALL US UP LATER! G'BYE—

LOOK! HERE COMES MR. STANTON!



HELLO BOYS! SO THE SURE-FIRE AGENCY IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS, EH? HERE'S LUCK!

THANKS, MR. STANTON— LOOK WHAT WE FOUND!



IT BELONGS TO OL' POP HUDSON— WE'VE SEEN HIM CARRYIN' IT LOTS O' TIMES!

FULL OF JUNK— HMM... THE BOTTOM IS UNUSUALLY THICK AND HEAVY.... HEY!



WELL I'LL BE— HE JUST UP AND WALKED AWAY— WHAT BIT 'IM?

WHO KNOWS? SAY— WE OUGHTA SHOW IT TO MADAM FATAL— SHE KNOWS WHERE POP HUDSON LIVES!



AT HOME STANTON DONS HIS DISGUISE

AND BECOMES THE DREADED MADAM FATAL....



LATER

HELLO MADAM FATAL— LOOK! WE'RE WAITIN' FOR OUR FIRST CASE!

LOOKS FINE, BOYS! WHY— THIS BELONGS TO POP HUDSON... I'LL TAKE IT TO HIM—



BUT HOW DID SHE KNOW?

SEARCH ME! TUBBY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA— WE'D BETTER FOLLOW HER— SHE MIGHT GET INTO TROUBLE AND SHE'S AN OLD LADY—



AS MADAM FATAL NEARS POP HUDSON'S TENEMENT....

THAT'S IT, ALL RIGHT— YOU'RE COMIN' WIT US, LADY— MOVE!

LOOK MIKE! TH' BASKET!!

INSIDE...

WELL?
WHERE
ARE TH'
PLANS??

YOU'LL HAVE TO
WAIT, ROXI! THE
COPPERS TAILED ME
AFTER I STOLE THEM
SO I HAD TO GET RID
OF THEM FOR
AWHILE--

WE
GOT
IT
BOSS!

THIS OLD HAG
HAD IT ALL
TH' WHILE!

QUICK-
GIVE IT TO
ME!



AND AS POP HUDSON PRYS OPEN
THE BOTTOM OF THE BASKET.....

GRAB
HER, BOYS!
SHE'S
GOT TH'
PLANS!

SUDDENLY....

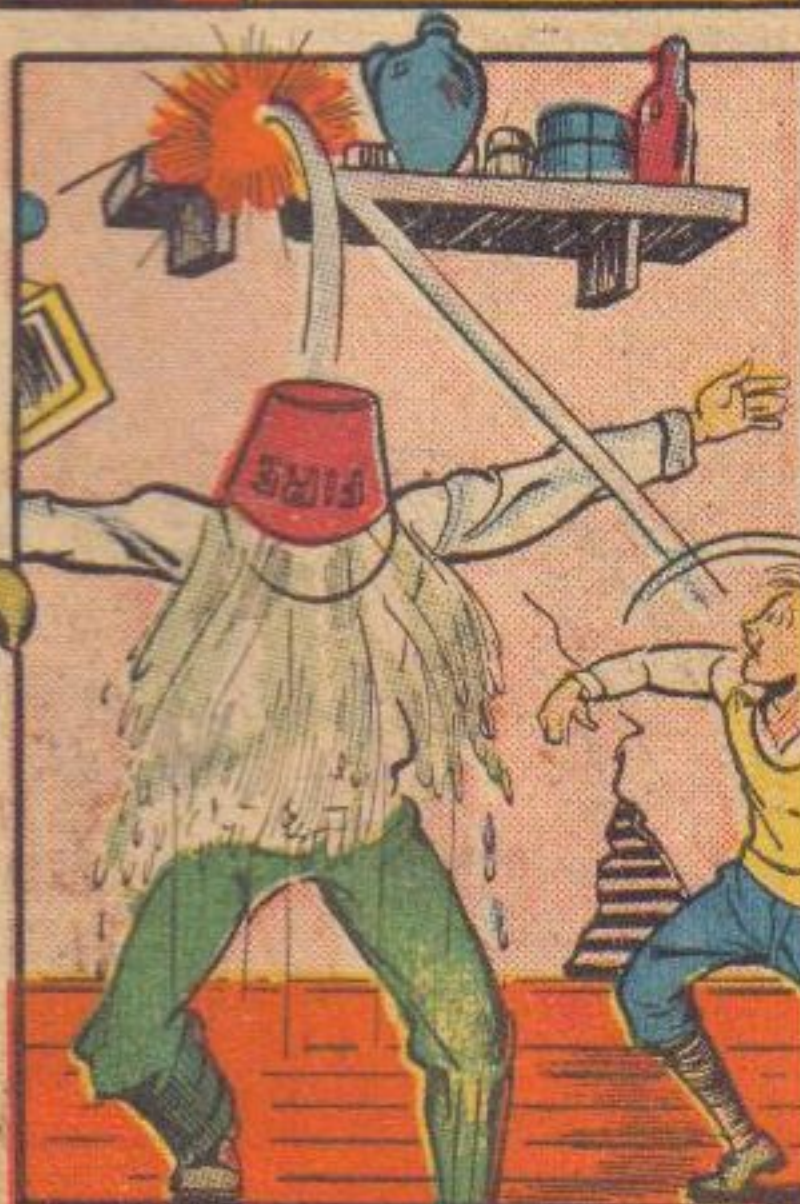
REACH,
YOU
MUGGS!

IT'S US,
MADAM FATAL-
WE KNEW YOU'D
GET IN TROUBLE
SO WE BROUGHT
OFFICER RYAN
WITH US-- HE'S HEARD
EVERYTHING!

BUT ROXI, THE FOREIGN AGENT
GOES FOR HIS GUN....



TUBBY GOES INTO ACTION.....

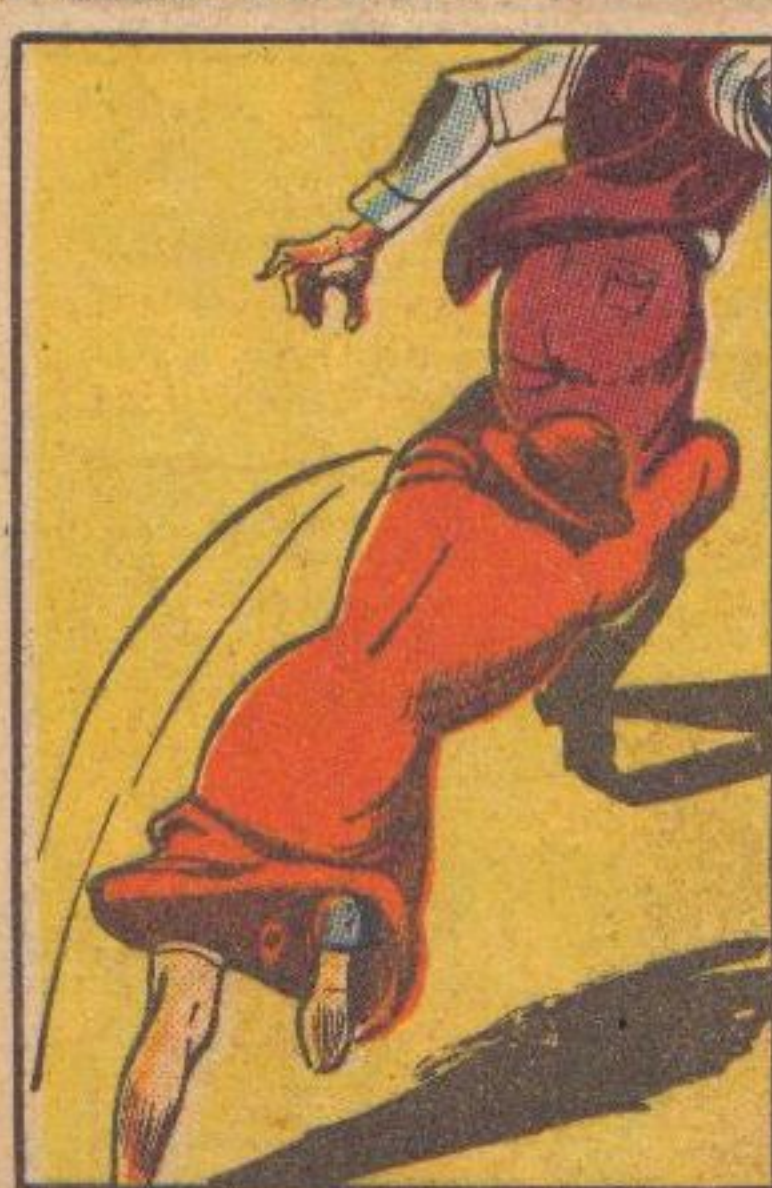


OLD POP HUDSON SUDDENLY
COMES TO LIFE...

MAKE FOR
TH' ROOF, BOYS!
IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE!



WITH OFFICER RYAN IN THE
LEAD THE THREE CRIME BUSTERS
COME OUT ON THE ROOF...







MINUTES LATER A TAXICAB GOES TEARING DOWN THE CROWDED STREETS....



AND AS BUSY SURGEONS WORK, MADAM FATAL'S LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE...



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, of CRACK COMICS, published monthly, at Buffalo, New York, for October 1, 1941

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CRACK COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Editor, Edward Cronin, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Managing Editor, none Business Managers, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn., Claire C. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn., Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn., Henry P. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1941

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944)



Eric the great! Eric the invincible! Eric, the world's this-and-that! I'd heard so much about Eric Vale that when I actually met him, there in that far outpost of the world, Patagonia, I experienced several emotions.

I quickly dispersed the annoying ones, however, when Eric greeted me warmly with a grin that took me off balance.

"Yes," I said, "I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Vale. I'd begun to believe you were another Paul Bunyan—"

Eric's chuckle cut in. "Hot air, most of it," he said. "People always exaggerate, y'know."

He was so modest, so forthright, that I wondered a little if this lad *wasn't* as great as they say! I said, "Tell me, Mr. Vale, what was your biggest thrill?"

I wasn't prepared for the story that Eric Vale told me. "My biggest thrill," he mused. Then his eyes lighted. "That's easy. It happened in the Khyber Pass."

We had been snowed in all winter (he began) with a bunch of ill-tempered Afghans. We knew that we had to get through the pass before the slides began, and it didn't look like our Afghans were very willing to start.

We got under way at last. Those ponies! Ever see one of those shaggy, long-haired Afghan ponies? Not much bigger than a Shetland but they've got more stamina than five elephants. They can carry three hundred pounds all day at a mile-eating clip that'd kill any horse.

There were four of us whites, some thirty Afghans and three ugly Mongol or Tartar chaps who

looked like they'd slit your neck for a shilling. The temperature was forty-eight below zero. Our caravan included a half dozen tough hill dromedaries which we used for pack bearers.

I remember we had been on the trail three hours, and I was about frozen even though I had on a sheep-lined storm coat that'd stop a bullet, and a dog-fur parka that practically hid my head and face. Our leader, Kev, bellowed something and came racing back on his pony.

"Bandits!" he shouted. "A hun-



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dred of them coming up the pass."

The Afghans began yanking their short cathartes out of saddle holsters. It's dangerous to fire a gun that is frozen, but that made no difference to them. We whites had the sense to keep our firearms coated with thick grease and encased in sheep-lined boots.



Kev fired the first shot. Man, I'll never forget that shot. The breach of his gun blew back in his face and took his whole lower jaw off clean. Kev bleated like a stuck pig, spouting gore, and pitched out of the saddle. One of his comrades sprang up and shot Kev through the head with his pistol. Of course, had as it sounds, it was the only way to put poor Kev out of his misery; he was beyond repair.

Then the bandits swarmed about us, the most ragged, savage-looking crew you ever saw. Funny, though, they only wanted food. They robbed us of every morsel we had, and every mirror in our packs. I don't know why those ugly devils wanted to see themselves but they got a terrific kick out of looking in the mirrors.

They left us after an hour or so, to re-load our animals and trudge on. We'd have to find food before nightfall or sleep on mighty flat stomachs. We had got to the lower levels of the pass on the India side when the slide started. It sounded like loud

thunder, far overhead, and we could see, five thousand feet up those craggy slopes, great snow packs and giant boulders bounding down at us.

I was riding double. The first of the slide caught us a quarter-mile from the opening of the pass. It hurtled down with a thunderous boom-boom. And then everything black for me.

My first conscious recollection was that there was a ton of snow down my neck. Something moved under me. My legs were numb, but I knew that I had them around the neck of my pony. Someone groaned behind me. I knew who it was.

I said, "Hurr!"

"No," replied my companion. "You."

I wasn't. But I was soaked to the skin and freezing. "We've got to get a fire," I said. I managed to get my head above the surface of the snow and saw, far ahead, a bobbing line of black dots. Our caravan!

"They've gone and deserted us!" I cried. "All of them!"

"We'll get out," said my rear rider. "Come, let's get this pony moving."

That was a task. I wriggled off and began digging snow away from the poor beast's head. When he got his head out, he came to life. With a snort he heaved up and then we were ploughing through five feet of soft snow.

My companion had a canteen of tea, which was not yet frozen. We drank, then pulled on. Night falls in that country in the winter, about three o'clock. It was not getting dark, and there was no moon, not getting much darker. I was

realized being caught in that stormy pass at night. Thousands of huge wolves roamed it. They hadn't the nerve to attack a caravan, but I knew two persons were certain bait.

"Got to step on it," said my companion. "Or we'll be furnishing dinner for the wolves."

It was nearing spring, so there was a moon. And two hours later we caught up with the main column. The whites were stiff with fear for us. But they had been unable to do anything. The Afghans assured them that we had perished, and they had refused to wait. That is the way with Afghans. Life means very little to them.

Well, when we reached the little half-way house operated by an old German-Mohammedan, we were one big happy family. We had lived through a bandit raid and a bad slide.

"But henceforth," my companion told me, "you are going to ride your own pony. You're big and old enough! Two is one too many on an Afghan pony, in a snow slide."

"That," Eric Vale told me, smiling reminiscently, "was the biggest thrill of my life, Mr. Gregory. When she told me that I could ride my own pony, alone—"

"She," I began. "Who—"

"My mother," Eric replied with a prideful gleam in his clear gray eyes. "You see, that happened twelve years ago, when I was six."



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

© 1954 W. W. DODD

THAT OTHER GUY'S A
VETERAN AND SMART!
THIS IS YOUR FIRST
FIGHT AGAINST A
CONSIDERABLE
OPPONENT—
WATCH YOUR
-STEP!

YEAH, NED—THIS
CALUMET LIGHT HEAVY—
WEIGHT IT IS
HEAVIER
TOO

TAUNTS OF THE MORTAL CALUMET
FANS ARE HEARD AT THE HOME
-DO-CONFIDENT NED-

GO
LONG,
BRANT!

WHERE
SHALL
WE
SEND
THE
BODY?



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

NED BRANT AND JAMMER STEEL ARE BOTH WORKING OUT FOR THEIR BOUTS ON THE KIDDOES' CHRISTMAS BENEFIT SHOW, BLUDGEON

A 16

GOOD CHANCE TO TELL WHETHER NED'LL HAVE ANY SHOW AGAINST THE CHAMP IF HE GETS TO THE FINALS IN THE CONFERENCE TOURNAMENT, BUD

SAY, NED AND JAMMER ARE SKIPPING ROPE IN THE SAME RING!

SHUCKS-I CAN'T SEE A THING!

WE'LL FIX THAT

THROW THIS TOWEL ACROSS YOUR SHOULDER-YOU DO THE SAME, WOLF

GOOD IDEA-I'LL CARRY A BUCKET OF WATER, TOO

GANGWAY FOR THE HIRED HELP!

ONE SIDE, ONLOOKERS!

SEE ALL RIGHT NOW, BUD?

HEY! WHAT IS THIS? A BLACKOUT?

NOW THEY'RE SHADOW BOXING-AND GETTING PRETTY CLOSE TOGETHER

SAY! I THINK JAMMER PURPOSELY HIT NED THAT TIME!

SORRY, BRANT

OKAY, JAMMER-BUT IT DIDN'T LOOK VERY ACCIDENTAL TO ME!

HEY! WATCH THAT, JAMMER!

BOY, NED'S GETTING MAD!

HE DID IT AGAIN, JAKE!

JAKE THE TRAINER

IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT, COME ON!

THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!

HERE, YOU TWO-NONE OF THAT!

WHAT A SCRAP IT'LL BE WHEN THEY FINALLY MEET!

AW, LET 'EM FIGHT!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

THESE DORMITORY RULES AT CARTER ARE TOO STRICT ANYWAY

IMAGINE, TELLING US WE HAVE TO TURN IN AT 10 P.M.!

WELL, LET'S EAT!

JUST SO THE SUPERVISOR DOESN'T HEAR US

GOT THE ROPE READY IN CASE THERE'S A KNOCK

AS I WAS SAYING - THESE RULES -

QUIET!

MEN AT WORK

KNOCK! KNOCK!!

EASY! WE DON'T WANT TO DUMP THE FOOD!

HURRY! THERE'S ANOTHER KNOCK - IT'S THE SUPERVISOR SURE!

PULL 'ER UP - I HEARD FOOTSTEPS GOING DOWN THE HALL!

212

HMMM - THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS YOUNG FELLOW!

IT'S EMPTY! WE MUST HAVE SPILLED IT!

WELL, OF ALL THE CLUMSY DOPES!

WE DON'T DARE GO OUT AFTER IT!

THAT YOU, BUD - WHAT'S UP?

PIPE DOWN AND OPEN THE DOOR - I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!

BUT, WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THIS SWELL FOOD?

NED BRANT, IF A GUY GAVE YOU \$100, YOU'D ASK HIM WHETHER IT WAS IN FIVES OR TENS!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

SHOOT, BRANT-SHOOT!

TIE UP THIS OLD HOCKEY GAME, NED!

SOMEBODY STOP HIM!

I'LL STOP HIM!

OH, OH! JAMMER STEEL, CONFERENCE BOXING CHAMPION, DELIBERATELY FOULS NED—LOOKS LIKE THE REFEREE SEES THE VIOLATION—

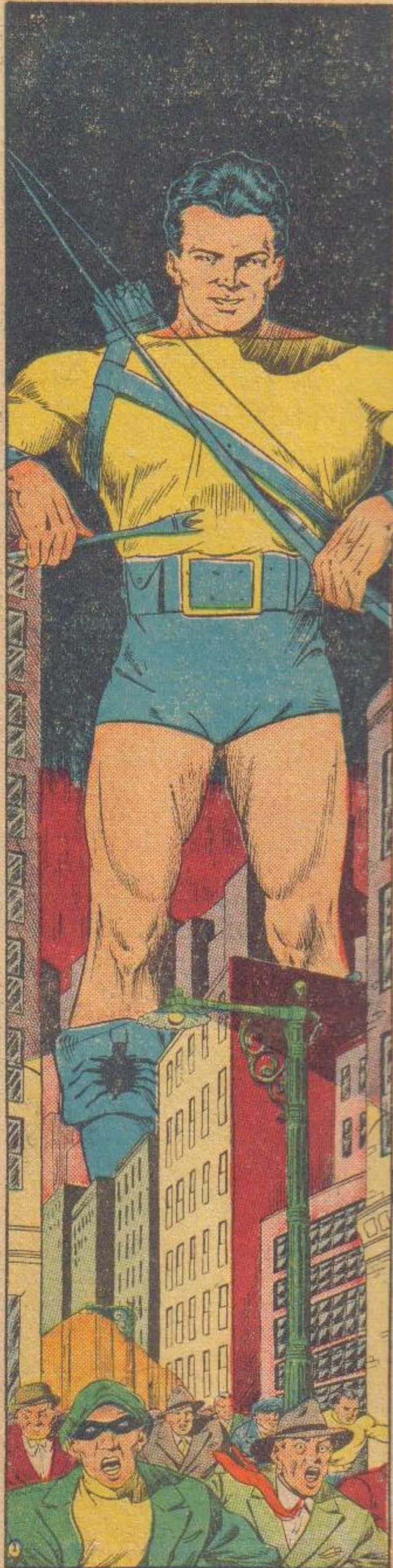
THERE'S ONE GOAL YOU'LL NEVER MAKE, BRANT!



Ned Brant is continued in the March issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale January 14th.

SNAPPY





ALIAS THE

• by Paul
Gustavson—•

SPIDER

HE HUNTS THE MOST CUNNING OF ALL
GAME—CRIMINALS BEYOND THE FAR-
REACHING ARM OF THE LAW. THIS IS TOM
HALLAWAY...ALIAS THE SPIDER!!

CHUCK, TOM HALLAWAY'S
FAITHFUL SERVANT
RUSHES INTO THE YOUNG MILLIONAIRE'S
HOME.....



BOSS..THE CROW BROKE OUT
OF THE DEATH HOUSE KILLED FOUR
GUARDS AND BEAT IT IN ONE OF
THE PRISON CARS!! HUH? HEY—
WHERE YOU GOING?



AFTER THE CROW! I
HEARD ABOUT IT ON THE
POLICE BROADCAST..
THEY LAST SAID HE
WAS HEADING NORTH
ON ROUTE 107A! GET
THE BLACK WIDOW READY!
CHUCK..I'LL BE DOWN
IN A MINUTE!!

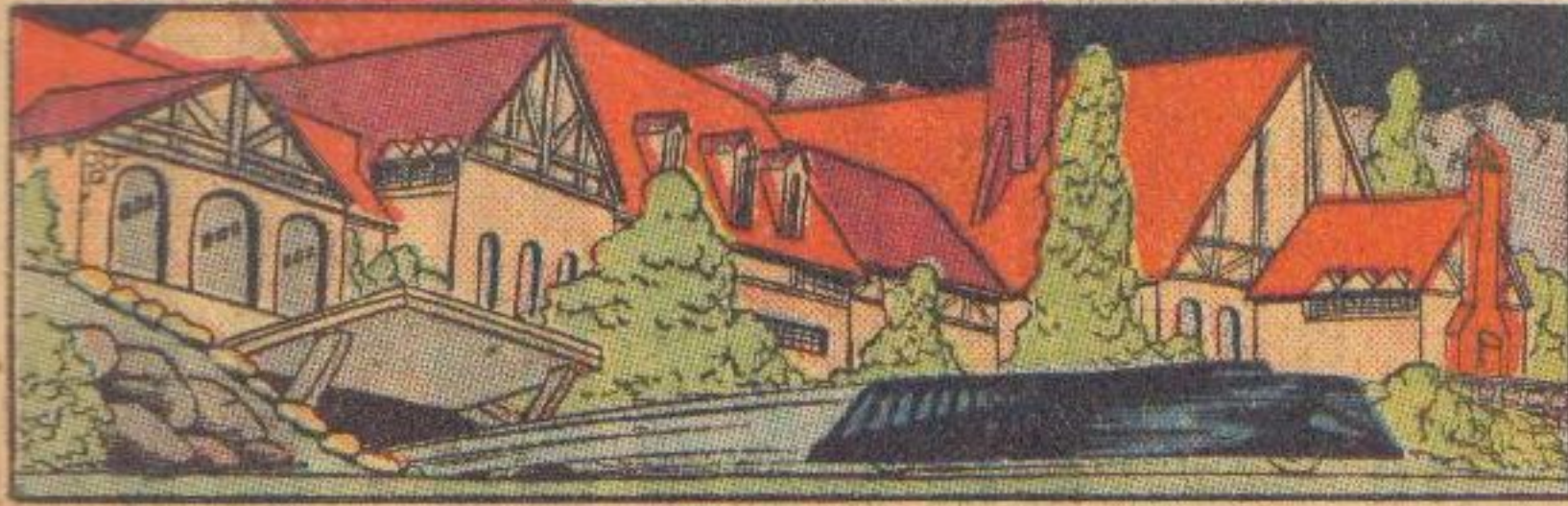


A SHORT TIME LATER IN THE SECRET
GARAGE THAT HOUSES THE BLACK WIDOW..
SILENT, SUPER-CHARGED CAR OF THE SPIDER.

OKAY BOSS—THE COAST
IS CLEAR! LET HER
RIP!!



A HIDDEN DOOR IN THE DRIVEWAY OPENS QUICKLY AND A STREAKING BLACK SHAPE SPEEDS UNSEEN INTO THE STREETS...



MEANWHILE, ALONG ROUTE 107A...



THERE HE IS--
LET HIM HAVE
IT!!



ALL RIGHT, COPPERS..
YOU ASKED FOR
IT!!

FOOLS--THE DAY A
DUMB COP CATCHES ME, I'LL
FINISH MYSELF BECAUSE
OF THE DISGRACE!! SAY...
WHAT TH'??



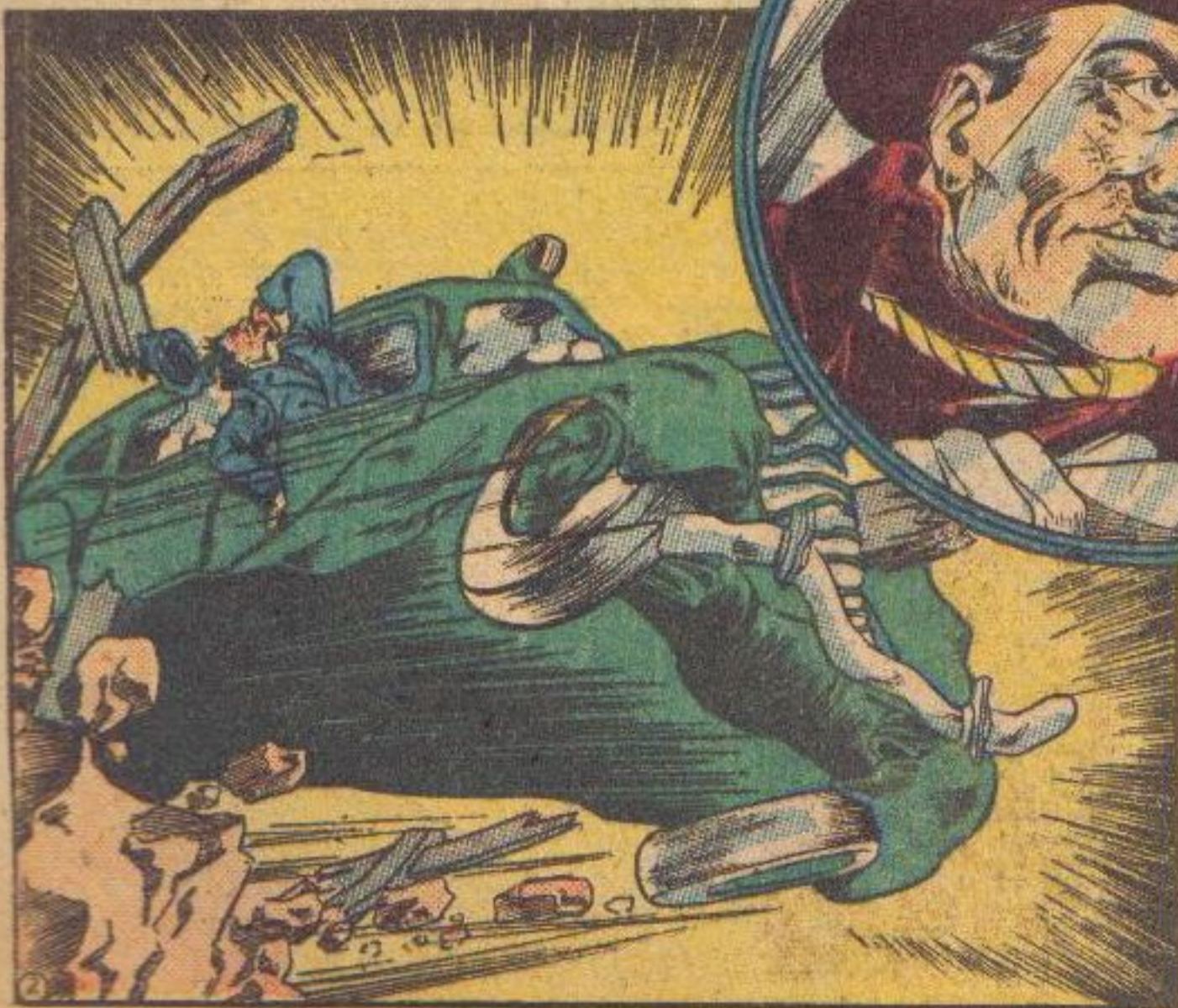
BOSS--TAKE MY
ROD--IT MAY COME
IN HANDY!

NO THANKS, CHUCK.
I'LL GET ALONG.
I PUT THE CROW
IN THE DEATH HOUSE...
AND I'LL PUT HIM BACK
THERE AGAIN IF IT'S
THE LAST THING I
DO!!



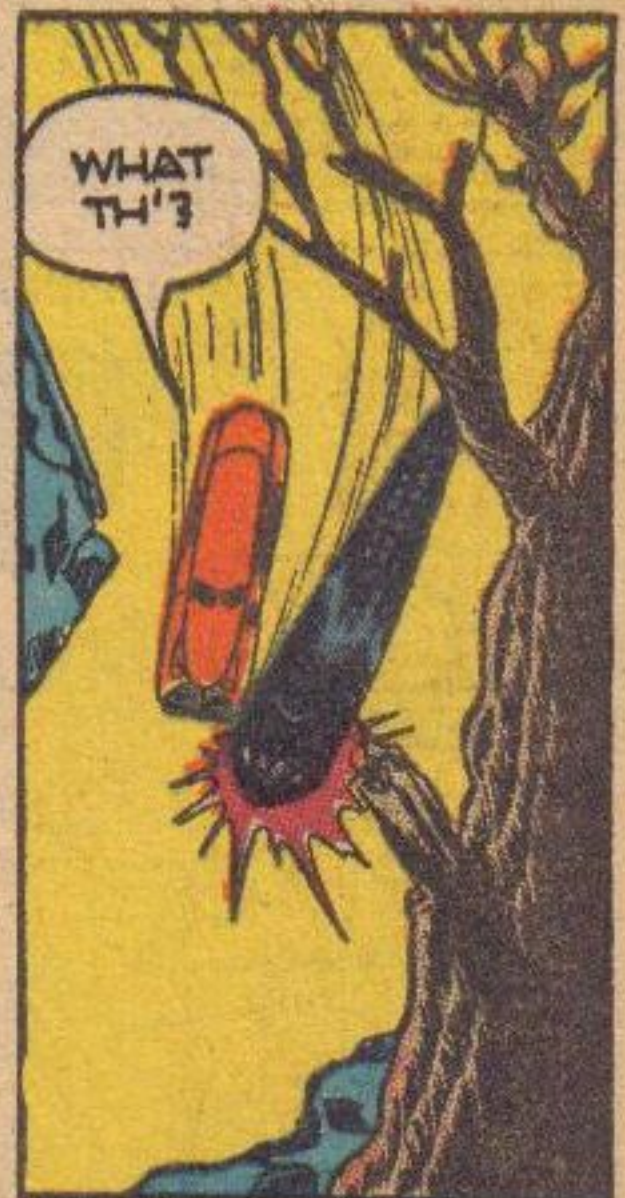
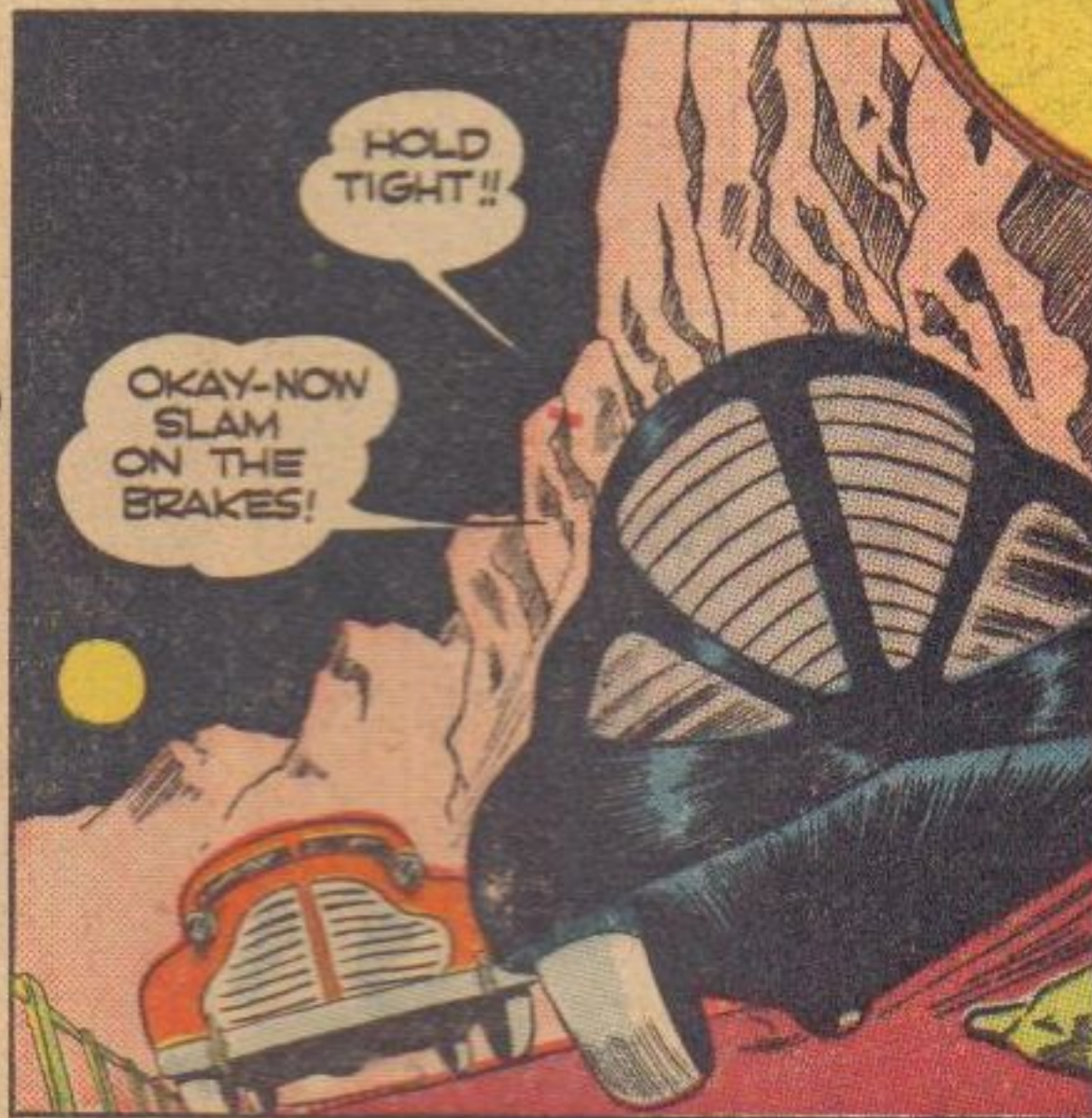
LOOK
OUT!!

SARGE... GRAB
THE WHEEL...
I'M...



THE BLACK WIDOW!!
THAT MEANS ONLY ONE
THING-- THE SPIDER!!





ATTEMPTING TO DEFEND HIMSELF THE CROW LETS GO OF THE STEERING WHEEL AND THE CAR PLUNGES OVER THE EMBANKMENT..





WELL, CROW, YOU MADE A CLASS "A" CHUMP OUT OF ME— BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU!!



AFTER REVIVING CHUCK...

O-O-O... MY HEAD! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO NOW?

NOTHING— GO HOME!!



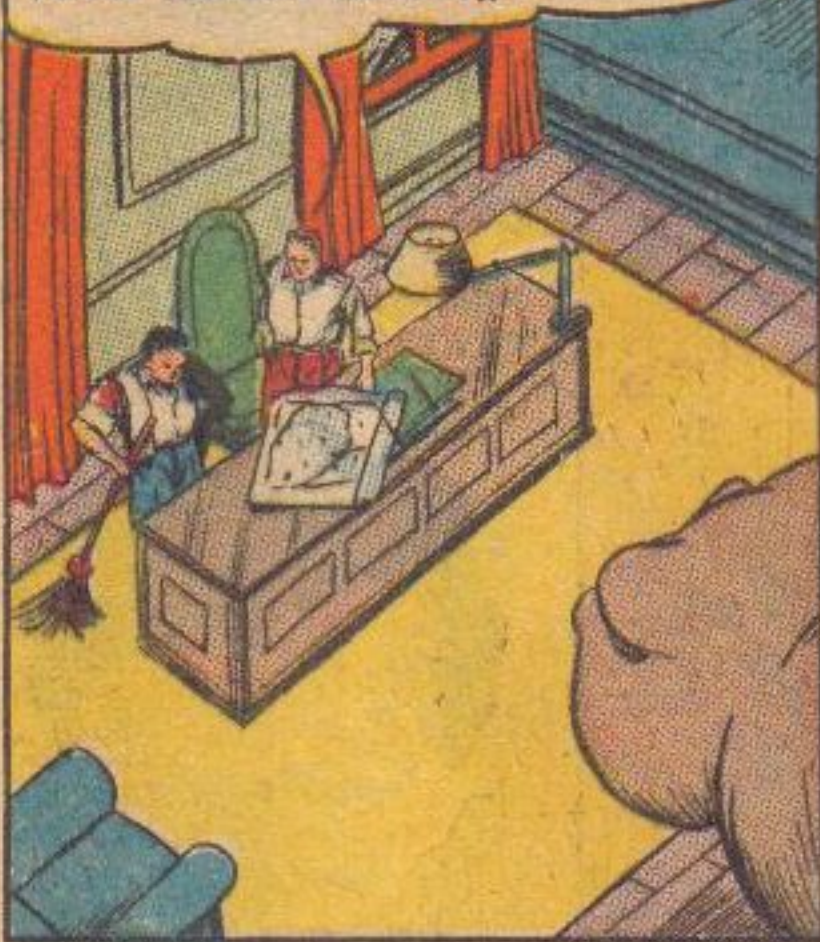
THREE WEEKS PASS—AND—

HEY, LAZY— AIN'T YOU CARRYIN' THIS "NOTHIN'" BUSINESS TOO FAR? YOU'VE BEEN SITTIN' AROUND HERE FOR...

OKAY!! I'LL LET YOU IN ON SOMETHING!!



HERE'S A MAP WITH MARKINGS WHERE NUMEROUS MYSTERIOUS CRIMES HAVE OCCURRED!! ALSO WHERE THE BLACK WIDOW HAS BEEN SEEN!!



HOLY CATS— I GET IT!! THEY ALL LEAD TO ONE CENTRAL POINT—THE HIDING PLACE OF THE CROW!! GO AHEAD AN' SLUG ME, BOSS— I GOT IT COMIN' TO ME!!



HEY— WHEN DO WE STRIKE, ANYWAY!!

TONIGHT! I'VE PUT A SUPER-CHARGER ON THAT SPECIAL JOB I HAD MADE LAST FALL.. IT WON'T BE AS FAST AS THE BLACK WIDOW BUT IT'LL RUN A GOOD SECOND!



THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE ESTIMATED HIDING PLACE OF THE CROW...

THIS WAITIN' IS GIVIN' ME TH' JITTERS! MAYBE WE MISSED HIM!

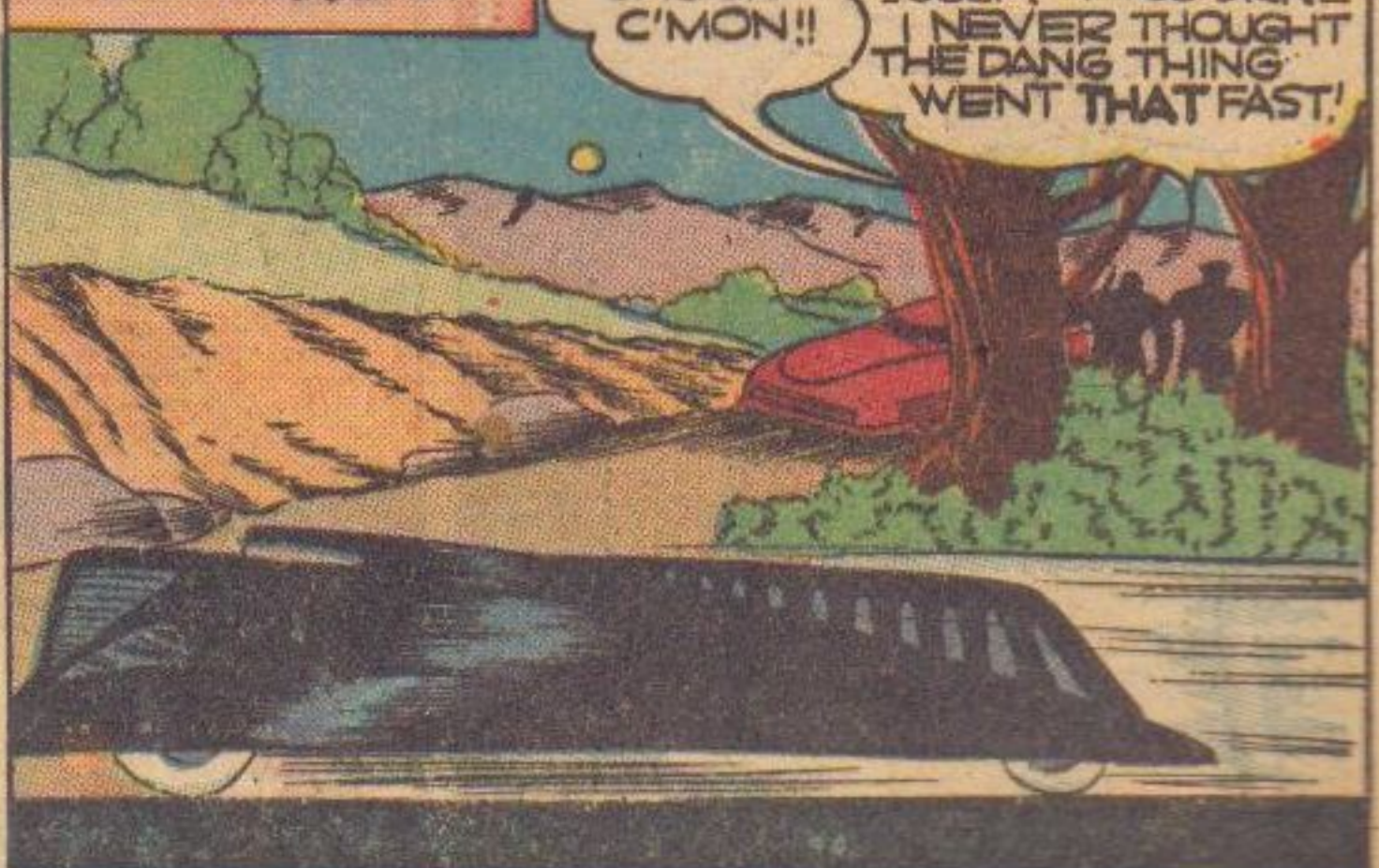
NO, HE'LL HAVE TO COME THIS WAY!!



THEN— SUDDENLY

CHUCK— C'MON!!

GULP! Y-YOU DRIVE I NEVER THOUGHT THE DANG THING WENT THAT FAST!



KEEPING CLOSE ENOUGH..YET UNNOTICED THE SPIDER TAILS THE CROW TO AN OLD MILL JUST OFF THE HIGHWAY..



SEE THAT NO ONE COMES IN, CHUCK!!

OKAY! BUT ARE YOU SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT?



150 GRAND..THESE SMALL TOWN BANKS HAVE A NICE BIT OF CASH ON HAND! NOW TO TAKE A LOOK AT THESE ROCKS!



NO YOU DON'T!!



NOW, CROW-YOU AND I ARE GOING TO SETTLE SOMETHING ONCE AND FOR ALL!! AND WHEN I'M FINISHED, YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD STAYED IN THE DEATH HOUSE!



A SHORT TIME LATER, OUTSIDE..

HEY..WHAT'S ALL THE RUMPUS IN THERE?



WAL, PAW NEEDED A HAIR CLIPPIN' AN' HE DON'T WANNA GIT ONE.. SO MAW'S USIN' HIM FER A MOP AN' PAW'S PROTESTIN'! NOW, IF PAW WOULD...



BAH! FAMILY FIGHTS DON'T INTEREST ME..NOW..WHERE THE HECK IS THAT SPIDER AN' THE CROW HE CAUGHT!?

HEH! HEH! HEH!!

OKAY NOW BOSS!



Your CHRISTMAS Daisy READY

LOOK 'EM OVER NOW!

DAISY SINGLE SHOT

—holds only 1 shot at a time. Lever action.

\$1.50

NICKELLED 500-SHOT REPEATER

—All metal parts nickel-plated. A repeater.

\$1.95

LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention, Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight.

\$2.50

BUCK JONES SPECIAL

—60-shot pump repeater in Outdoor Style. Full-floating type Compass inlaid in stock beside accurate Sundial brand.

\$3.50

DAISY PUMP GUN — THE KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES!

50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. Adjustable rear-sight and "non-slip" grooves on butt of pistol grip, American Walnut stock. Simulated gold engraving on jacket.

\$4.50

\$2.95

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

Shoot a GOLDEN BANDED 1000 SHOT

RED RYDER
Saddle

CARBINE

Tell Dad to hang one of these beautiful Daisys on your Christmas Tree! Why not make it a western saddle carbine? RED RYDER CARBINE features Golden Bands, adjustable double-notch Rear Sight, Lightning-Loader invention for loading 1000 shot in 20 seconds, carbine style Cocking Lever, full-length Fore-piece, 16-inch Leather Thong knotted to authentic Swivel Carbine Ring—and Red Ryder's brand on pistol grip stock. Comes packed in colored carton. Choose your

favorite Daisy—buy it now at any hardware, sports goods or department store. If Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near you, send us the price of your Daisy—we'll rush it to you post-paid. Duty added in Canada on all rifles.

Free CATALOG

Red Ryder says—"I've seen everything in the Daisy Corral—it's all pictured in this new 16-page Daisy Air Rifle Catalog. Send for yours quick, fellers, and show it to Dad. Write Daisy today for your Free copy."



DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

The gun that's fun for the whole family! Targeteer Pistol, 500 shot, spinning "birdie" targets, 25 target cards, back-stop, complete



USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT

BIG JUMBO TUBE
5¢
Use Daisy-made steel Bulls Eye Shot for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles. At Dealers

DAISY AIR RIFLES

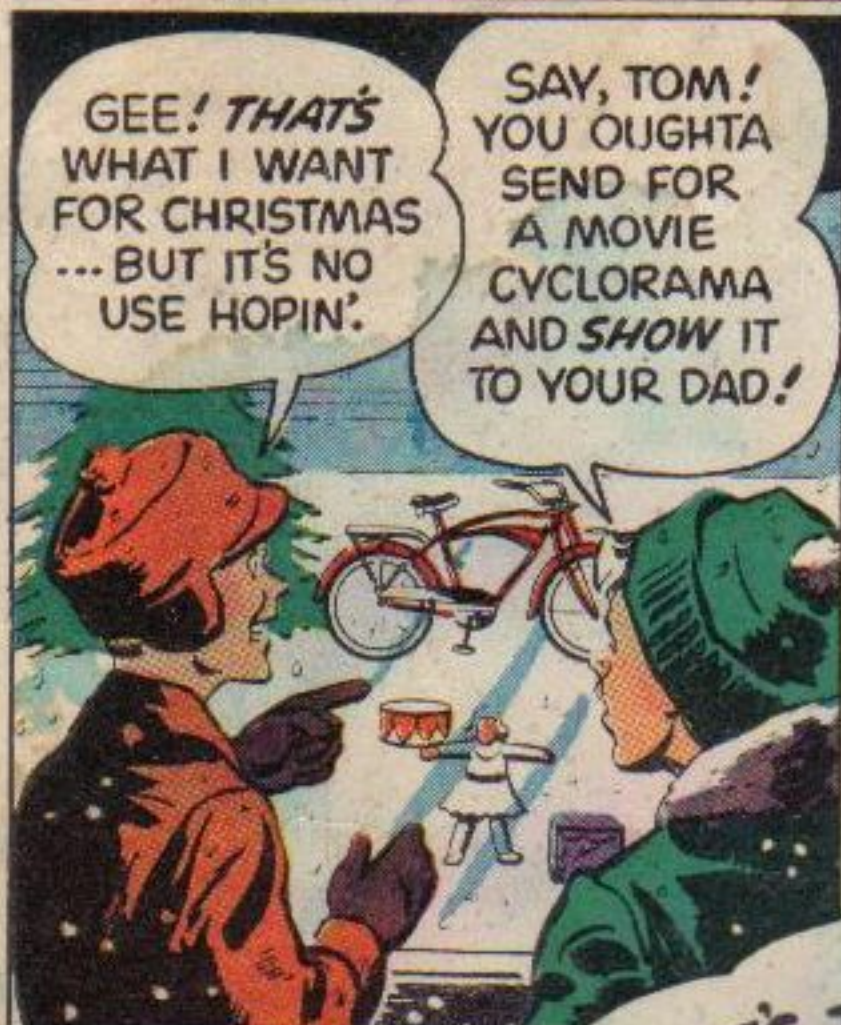
Duty Added in Canada

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 491 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

TOM HAD THE

Merriest Christmas

EVER!



GEE! *THAT'S* WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS ... BUT IT'S NO USE HOPIN'.

SAY, TOM! YOU OUGHTA SEND FOR A MOVIE CYCLORAMA AND *SHOW* IT TO YOUR DAD!



A SCHWINN BIKE JUST BROKE THE WORLD SPEED RECORD.

SWELL! I'LL SEND THE COUPON RIGHT NOW!



LOOK, DAD, BUCK JONES RIDES A SCHWINN-BUILT BIKE! CAN'T I HAVE ONE FOR CHRISTMAS?

WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT, SON.

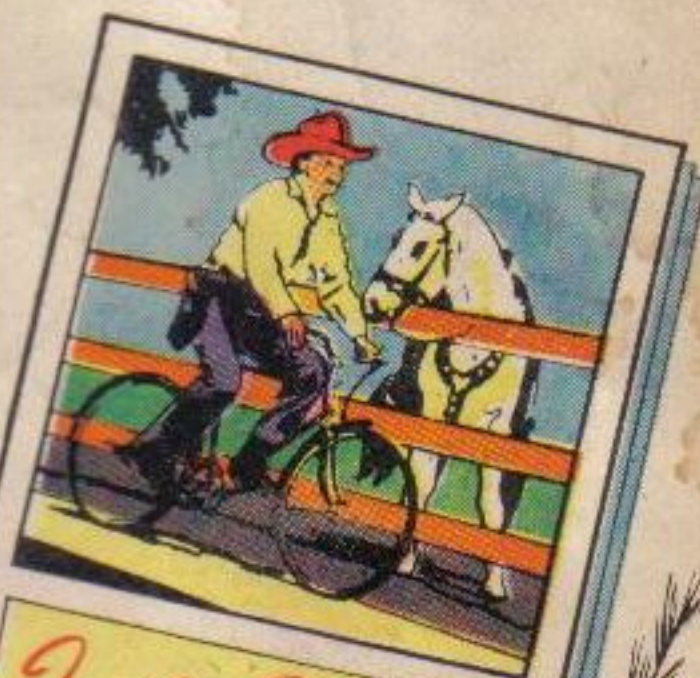


IT'S THE SWELLEST PRESENT YOU COULD GIVE ME!

FREE!

GET THIS MOVIE CYCLORAMA — SHOW IT TO YOUR DAD!

—With big colored pictures of Buck Jones, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and other movie stars—and it's Free! Just paste coupon on a postcard and sign your name and address.



For the Ride of a Lifetime!
Schwinn-Built Bicycles

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!

Insist on this Seal and be sure your bike is guaranteed for life.



Arnold, Schwinn & Company, Inc.
1756 N. Kildare Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your Free Movie Cyclorama.

Name

Street

City State

When Dad and Mother know *you* want a Schwinn-Built bike for Christmas, you bet they'll do all they can to get you one! So don't delay—send a postcard now for the Schwinn Movie Cyclorama with all the pictures of the movie stars. Then show it to Dad and Mother and point out the Schwinn-Built you'd like to have. Tell them about the big Safety Brakes, Headlights, Spring Fork, Cyclock and exclusive features that make a Schwinn-Built extra-fun and extra-safe. Then they'll see why *you* ought to have a Schwinn-Built, too! But hurry—Christmas will soon be here—so send a postcard for *your* Free Movie Cyclorama today!

Schwinn-Built Bicycle